The Enterprise.

VOL. 6. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901. NO. 31.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
.....3:31 P. M., 8.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.53 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	7:35	4:20
" South	—	5:05

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
"		4:35
South	7:00	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

He Hadn't Lost a Burglar.

"John," she said, suddenly shaking him, "there is a burglar in the house."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Positive," she replied. "Don't you hear him?"

He got up and began to dress hastily, but quietly.

"What are you going to do, John?" she inquired.

"I am going to sneak out the back way and get a policeman," he answered.

"But if you go right down stairs now," she said, "you'll find him in the dining room."

"Oh, I'll find him, will I?" he retorted sarcastically. "Well, now you just look me over carefully."

"Yes, John; what of it?"

"Do I look like a man who has lost a burglar anywhere?"

"No; of course not, but"—

"Do I have the reputation of being an impertinent fellow who is always interfering with other people's business? Do I in any way resemble the lost and found department of a daily newspaper?"

"No."

"Then why should I get tangled up with other people's property?"

"You're afraid, John."

"Afraid nothing!" he retorted indignantly. "I am looking at it from an ethical point of view. This burglar undoubtedly has been lost by the police, and if I took charge of him they might think I was trying to steal him and make a lot of trouble for me. Besides, I'm no searching party. You women don't understand the ethics of business at all."—Chicago Post.

"I love company," said a local Mrs. Partington. "It makes things bright and lively—it breaks the anatomy."—New York Sun.

From a cliff 1,000 feet high one with clear vision can see a ship at a distance of 42 miles.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, has suffered a second stroke of apoplexy and his condiiton is now almost hopeless.

Members of the firm of Burnham, Williams & Co., which operates the Baldwin Locomotive Works, emphatically deny the report from New York that their company is to be acquired by the American Locomotive Company.

A Reuter dispatch from St. Petersburg says the publication of the Novoe Vremya has been prohibited for a week because it urged the Government to help workmen and the unemployed as the best means to combat revolutionary tendencies.

The American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company have a rival in the Universal Tobacco Company, which will also compete with the American Cigar Company. William H. Butler has been elected president of he Universal Company.

Information concerning the formation of a large Scandinavian match trust has been received at the State Department from Consul Bergh at Gothenburg. The combination will include all the Danish match factories, several Swedish and one English match factory, which will form a joint stock company with a capital stock of about $1,500,000.

The reports received at the War Department concerning the commissary affairs at Manila make it plain that Major Davis had no connection with or cognizance of the irregularities which were developed. It is stated that there has been no time when General MacArthur or the officers making the investigation desired the presence of Major Davis, as his record was clear.

Captain Michael Spellman and Lieutenant Delbert R. Jones and Surgeon Dudley W. Welch of Company G, Forty-third Infantry, stationed at Maasin Southern Leyte, have been arrested on charges of trading in permits to ship hemp from the closed ports. They will be tried by court-martial. It has not been determined whether Manila hemp buyers are directly implicated.

Dispatches from correspondents of R. G. Dun & Co. throughout the winter wheat belt promise an unusually satisfactory yield. Conditions have materially changed since the earlier statement was prepared, especially as respects the Hessian fly, which threatened serious destruction in some sections a few weeks ago. The grain has now made sufficient progress to preclude any extensive losses through the ravages of this pest, and there is little sign of other untoward influences.

Speaking before the Naval Congress on the subject whether or not Spain should be a naval power, Admiral Cervera expressed fears of the disintegration of Spain into a number of small states. "I do not wish," he said, "that the interests of the navy should predominate at the expense of the other interests of the country, but, observing as I do, what is going on at the present day, I am afraid Spain may become like the Italy of the Middle Ages."

A special from Washington says: It is probable that before July there will be an exodus to the Philippines of nearly all of the general officers of the staff bureaus of the Army. General Breckenridge, inspector-general of the Army, has already sailed for Manila; General Greely will sail in a few days for the Philippines by way of the Suez canal. Adjutant-General Corbin has arranged for passage on a transport from San Francisco on June 25th, and Surgeon-General Sternberg announced that he would probably sail on the same vessel. Other officers who are contemplating a voyage to the Philippines this summer are Commissary-General Weston, General Bird of the transport service and Paymaster-General Bates.

SPANISH WEAPONS UNEARTHED

Two Brass Cannon, Seven Muskets and a Couple of Arquebuses Found.

El Paso, Tex.—Workmen, while excavating under the old jail at Juarez, unearthed two old-fashioned brass cannon and some smaller weapons used by the Spaniards during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are seven muskets of antiquated tpye, besides two other firearms known as arquebuses, which weighed so much that it was necessary to use a brace to support them when firing at an object. The jail underneath which the relics were found is one of the oldest buildings in the northern part of the Republic of Mexico, and was built more than 300 years ago. According to tradition, it was used during the time of the Spanish rule as a barracks for the soldiers of the King, but they were forced to flee to escape a fierce outbreak of the aborigines.

MINISTERS REJECT PROPOSAL.

Decline to Limit Indemnity Demanded from China to $200,000,000.

Washington.—Mr. Rockhill has confirmed the news from Peking to the effect that the foreign Ministers have declined to accede to the suggestion of the United States that the total of the indemnity to be collected from China shall be limited to $200,000,000. It is expected that he will continue his efforts in the direction of keeping down the maximum of claims, even while abandoning, for the sake of harmony, the figure named, and it is believed that the outcome will be a compromise upon a figure between $200,000,000 and the maximum of $337,000,000 claimed by the powers. In the effort to keep down the total Mr. Rockhill looks for support to the estimates submitted by Sir. Ernest Satow, the British Minister at Peking, and Sir Robert Hart, Commissioner of Imperial Customs, whose report upon the ability of the Chinese to pay an indemnity of about $200,000,000 is now before the State Department. Until this question of the grand total is settled the matters of the rate of interest to be established upon the loan and the method of guarantee are expected to remain open.

London.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram Company from Peking says the Government of the United States will under no circumstances consent to any increase in the Chinese tariff unless commercial advantages are conceded in return.

Washington.—The position of the United States, as understood here, is that if Chinese duties on imports were increased, and the Government regarded it as likely that an increase in these duties must be made in order that China could meet the demands of the powers for indemnity, attendant upon this increase should be measures providing for greater freedom of trade between China and the outside world, an abolition of the likin tax and possibly other reforms. This Government is strongly in favor of a considerable increase in the number of Chinese treaty ports and the removal of trade restrictions at some of those now open. The likin tax is regarded with disfavor principally on the ground that it is a source of corruption, as it is said a considerable part of this tax sticks to the fingers of the officials. This tax is one levied in China on goods every time they are transported from one province to another. It has made it difficult to calculate just how much goods would cost deliverable outside of a treaty port. Our Government has thought the Chinese customs tariff might be raised from 5 per cent to 10 per cent if other propositions accompanied the increase in the duties.

INCREASE IN WAGES.

Improvement in New York During the Past Twenty Years.

New York.—Inquiry into the question of wages in New York during the last twenty years or more reveals that there has been a pronounced upward trend in the prevailing rate in nearly all trades, either in the shortening of hours of work or actual increase in wages, or both. Bricklayers are making now as high as $10 a day. In 1883 they worked ten hours for $4. Other prevailing wages at the minimum in the building trade for eight hours are as follows: Marble-cutters, $4; marble-carvers, $4.50; both of which will be increased 50 cents a day after August 1st; painters, $3.50; carpenters, $4; plasterers, $4.50; roofers and metal workers, $3.75; steamfitters, $4; tile layers, $4.50; hod carriers, $2.65; plasterers' helpers, $3; stonecutters, $4.75; plumbers, $3.75.

In nearly all cases there is a Saturday half holiday. It will thus be seen that in eighteen years wages have been increased by 40 cents per day, and two hours on Saturday, fourteen hours a week, have been lopped off in the interest of the workingman.

Pacific Coast Pensons.

Washington.—The following applications from Pacific Coast states have been favorably acted upon by the Commissioner of Pensions:

California—Original, Jos. Victorino Olivas, San Luis Obispo, $6; Charles Hogan, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, $6. Increase, Wiliam Wilcox, Wheatland, $12; John Donovan, San Francisco, $10; William Pitman, Los Angeles, $8. War with Spain, original, Robert E. Wade, Veterans' Home Napa, $10; Alfred Pines, San Francsico, $6.

Oregon—Reissue and increase, Milton S. Fox, The Dalles, $12.

Washington — Increase, Edward Simpson, Spokane, $8.

Naval Coaling Station at San Diego.

San Diego.—From a letter received by Congressman Needham from Secretary Root, it appears that the Government is soon to carry out its plan for establishling a naval coaling station at this port. The letter states that the War Department has tendered to the Navy Department for use in that behalf a portion of the Point Loma military reservation and that the tender has been accepted by Secretary Long. The local officer of the Engineer Corps has been directed to survey the tract and mark the boundaries, and, when this is done, the coaling station will be established.

GOLD IN DANGER.

Dirt Along Bonanza and El Dorado Creeks May Wash Away.

NEW ESTIMATE OF SEASON'S OUTPUT.

Charge of Rivals That Treadwell Company Mulcted Its Employes Leads to Peculiar Situation.

Tacoma, Wash.—The Klondike river and Bonanza creek were very high and there was a great danger that some of the dumps along Bonanza and El Dorado would be washed away when E. M. Turner left Dawson three weeks ago.

Mr. Turner corroborates previous reports that immense dumps line Bonanza, El Dorado, Gold Run, Dominion and Sulphur creeks. He thinks the estimates of $30,000,000 for the season's output are exaggerated and that $20,000,000 to $22,000,000 would be nearer correct.

A much larger proportion of the output will remain in Dawson this year, he says, than ever before, both for use in business and because the Canadian Government is opening a depository there.

A feature of Turner's trip out was the witnessing of a tremendous movement toward Lower Lebarge, where goods can be placed on the first steamers for down the river. The White Pass and Yukon Railroad has thousands of tons of freight piled up at White Horse, and work was progressing night and day to get freight across the ice to Lower Lebarge. The business of the roadhouses is falling off and many owners are trying to sell out.

The Treadwell Company of Douglass island is presenting criticisms of the fact that it maintains a company's store by slashing prices. The price of fresh meat, provisions and groceries have been cut to a point below which competing grocers cannot possibly sell and make money. The Treadwell company is selling porterhouse and sirloin steaks for 15 cents per pound, with the result that its employes are eating more fresh meat than ever. Besides making this cut, the company has started the construction of a permanent building for a meat market.

The price of coal has also been subjected to the hatchet, resulting in a price of $7.50 per ton to employes and $8 to outsiders. This is cheaper than other dealers can lay Puget sound coal down for. The war was started by the claims of rival merchants that the Treadwell company was robbing its miners by charging them exorbitant prices for provisions. When Superintendent McDonald heard of the stories he resolved to demonstrate that the company was entirely fair to its employes.

Protests Against Purchases in America.

London.—Sir Alfred Hickman, Conservative, former president of the British Iron Trades Association, in the House of Commons, protested against railroads which were governmentally controlled, and particularly in Burmah and Egypt, continuing buying American locomotives, when the report of the Inspector of Burmah railroads mentioned by Lord George Hamilton, the Indian Secretary, in the House on May 7th, showed that they required more repairs and more coal than locomotives of British make.

Sir Alfred Hickman also made allegations against the way an American firm is constructing the great viaduct in Burmah.

Decision of Interest to Army Men.

Washington.—Captain A. M. Fuller, Second Cavalry, recently appealed to the War Department against the action of the commanding officer of his regiment, in summarily reducing a corporal in his troop to the ranks without the recommendation of the troop commander. Lieutenant-General Miles concurred in the opinion rendered by the Judge Advocate-General of the Army, which sustained Captain Fuller and declared that the regimental commander acted without the necessary authority in the matter. The soldier was ordered to be restored to his former duties.

Missing Mail May Be in Registered Pouch

Washington.—The report of the Taft Commission upon the proposed system of government for the Philippines, which was supposed to be in the first great mass of mail brought to this country by the Sheridan, is probably in a special registered pouch, where it was placed for greater safety. The first batch of mail has been examined without disclosing the report, which the Commission has cabled was placed on the Sheridan.

Sampson Not to Retire.

Boston.—Lieutenant Bennett, aid to Admiral Sampson, commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard, stated that the report to the effect that the Admiral had tendered his resignation on account of ill health, was a pure fabrication. He added that the Admiral was enjoying very good health at present.

Grafting is not an intricate science and any intelligent farmer can learn it readily.

RED LIGHT FOR MEASLES.

German Doctor's Novel Treatment of the Disease.

New York.—A cable to the World from Berlin says: The treatment of diseases by the use of colored light, however much it might be ridiculed, is obtaining a footing here. The latest novelty is the cure of measles with a red light. Dr. Chatinier publishes in a popular medical magazine the results of a number of experiments, all having been favorable.

Patients with measles are kept in rooms lighted with subdued red light, much like that in a photographer's dark room. Dr. Chatinier uses red silk paper pasted on his window panes. The patient receives no medicine and is better in two or three days. Dr. Chatinier explains that the prevailing red light enables the inflamed skin to rest. All other colors, especially strong shades of violet, excite the skin. Dr. Chantinier was first attracted to the discovery by noticing that the peasant women in his district always wrapped up measles-stricken children in red cloth.

Orders Issued Against Reporters.

Berlin.—Emperor William has issued stringent orders henceforth to exclude newspapers reporters from all public and semi public functions where the Emperor intends to speak. The Emperor's entourage and the police have been given instructions to render impossible the stenographic reporting of his speeches or the taking of notes thereon.

Emperor William has ordered that his instructions first go into effect at the unveiling of the Bismarck monument, which will occur June 3d.

Message Telling of a Tragedy of the Sea.

London.—A bottle which was picked up at Granton contained a message saying that the steamer Croft, with all hands, was sinking in mid-Atlantic.

The British steamer Croft, of the Arrow line, laden with grain and general merchandise, sailed from New York on January 25, 1899, for Leith and Dundee, with a crew of twenty-five men, and was never again heard of. She has long since been posted as missing at Lloyd's.

Overwhelmed by the Flowing Lava.

Batavia, Java.—The volcano of Keleot is in eruption. The lava is threatening the Blitar coffee plantations and has endangered Kediri. The district is in total darkness. It was reported later that there had been great loss of life, many natives having been overwhelmed with lava. The population of Blitar is fleeing.

A heavy rain of cinders continued falling, covering six districts, aggregating one-third of the island, including Sammarang, Kediri and Surakarta.

Navy Officers and Mileage.

Washington.—Mr. Mitchell, Acting Controller of the Treasury, has held that an officer of the Navy traveling under orders, under conditions otherwise entitling him to mileage under the Army appropriation act of March 3, 1899, is not debarred from mileage because furnished by the Government with transportation and expenses for which mileage is given, even if he did not actually waive his claim to mileage.

Banastar May Never Again Face Starter.

New York.—Clarence H. Mackay's great racer Banastar had a tendon in his off hind leg severely injured just after the start in the Brooklyn handicap, ruining all his chances to win. Trainer Hill announced that only the horse's great gameness allowed him to finish at all. He will not race till the fall, and possibly may never again face the flag.

Was First President of Boer Republic.

Johannesburg, Transvaal.—Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, the first President of the Dutch African Republic, the title of which was changed in 1858 to the South African Republic, died May 19th, at Potchefstroom, Transvaal colony, after two days' sickness.

One More Porto Rico Decision.

Washington.—The Supreme Court decided what is known as the Huus case, involving the question whether vessels plying between Porto Rico and New York were engaged in the coasting trade. The Court's decision held they were so engaged.

Horticultural Notes.

Keep plants absolutely free from insects.

Both willow and cottonwood grow readily from cuttings.

Paris green, London purple, Bordeaux mixture and violet mixture, constitute the principal insect remedies for plants indoors or out. In the case of house plants make the spray solution weaker.

Grafting, it is generally supposed, belongs strictly to the tree family, but successful experiments are reported of grafting cabbage on to tomatoes and Jerusalem artichokes on to black night shade. Wonders never cease.

Cut worms make serious ravages in showery weather. Where they appear go over your garden and hunt and kill them. Soot is a protection from these pests, but generally speaking, one can kill all that infest a garden, in a short time.

How Long to Feed Hogs.

It is often a question as to how long a pig should be fed before it should be marketed or rather at what weight it is best to sell in order to realize the best profit. There is one fact pretty well settled, and that is, the greater the weight of the animal being fed the greater the cost per pound for the grain secured. But no set rules can be given, as conditions must always be considered in determining which is best. Sometimes it will be better to feed longer and for a heavier weight than at others. There are two ways that may be termed unfavorable seasons for feeding. These are extremely cold days of winter and extremely hot days in summer. Of course, on the farm, and especially when it is an item to feed out the greater portion of the products grown upon the farm to stock, some stock must be fed during these seasons; but as far as possible, these should be either young growing stock or breeding animals. This is especially the case with hogs. In fact, in many cases it will be better to sell a little lighter weight than to feed through the summer. In fact, generally light weight hogs averaging one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five pounds, will bring a better price per pound than those of heavier weight, and when in addition the unfavorable conditions of growth with the risk of loss are taken into consideration it will be better to sell in June rather than to feed longer.

It is always advisable so far as possible to have hogs sent to market in a good condition and it will pay to commence in good season in order to secure this. But it is rarely advisable at this time to feed for heavy weight when this would compel feeding through July and August before marketing.

It will be a good plan to look after the pigs now and push the growth of all that can be put in a good marketable condition by July and all these should be sold, feeding only young growing pigs and what breeding hogs it is best to keep.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This *is the Only Store in San Mateo County that* SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

If there's a strike against the new billion-dollar trust, it's a pretty big contract to polish off all that steel.

Compressed air for house cleaning is spoken of as the latest. Well, that may be new—the compressed part of it.

Whenever a New York man gets insane he wants to flirt with Helen Gould, but this may be a mere coincidence.

It is a little surprising to learn that Japan is after such small game as rats, when everybody thought she was loaded for bear.

The Kentucky doctor who killed two men with a gun was perhaps going on a vacation and did not care to leave any unfinished business behind him.

In Switzerland a telephone in a private house costs $7.50 a year. The telephone people will retort, of course, that the expense of wires in Switzerland isn't so great as it is over here.

Several Americans at Manila went down to Borneo to look at the equator, but it was found that the British had wound their section of it up on a big spool and refused to part with it at any price.

A Pennsylvania woman who says she has lived very happily with four husbands has taken a fifth. Marriage seems to be a great success with her, but the vote of the husbands has not been polled.

The young bride who reads with a proud thrill "she swept up the aisle on her father's arm," never thinks of the after days when she will sweep up the kitchen and dining-room floors and not get even a mention in the society columns.

It is asserted in England that King Edward intends to a great extent to abolish the giving of peerages and other honors for purely political and party services. Pulls on peerages may sometime depend solely on merit, and there will probably not be so many hollow titles.

A statistician puts it that Alaska has only eleven-hundredths of an inhabitant to the square mile. Of the many pictures of arctic desolation this one of a lonely fraction loking vainly across the bleak snow drifts for its other eighty-nine one hundredths is perhaps the most affecting.

The Governor of North Carolina is of the opinion that lynching can be stopped only by public opinion. Nonsense? A sheriff who knows his duty and is not afraid of it, and who is backed up by a few determined deputies, has it in his power to overawe the average mob. As for public opinion, there's plenty of it already.

The answers of James J. Jeffries to a committee of Missouri physicians who catechised him as to his habits and rule of training revealed again the open secret of health and strength. The great fighter told the doctors that he sleeps nine or ten hours and "depends more on that than anything else" to keep him right. The value of this great conservator of vital force is known to everybody, and yet how many men and women cut down the hours given to sleep in order to crowd a little more pleasure or work into that day! Jeffries is a giant, but he says, "I never let anybody break my sleep."

Scores of old barns in Ohio have floors and mangers of black walnut, put in fifty or seventy-five years ago, when the chief endeavor of the pioneer was to clear the dense forests for crops. So popular is black walnut furniture abroad that English and French agents buy even old barn timbers and fence-rails. One of the few walnut groves left in Ohio was sold last month for export as lumber. The largest tree, eight feet in diameter at the stump, brought twelve hundred dollars. In view of this fact Arbor Day suggests more than a sentiment; it hints also at a financial investment. Young people who plant walnut groves or avenues may live to reap substantial profits from the timber thereof.

"The American soldiers, in physique and intelligence, are superior to any other troops in the world," said Lieutenant Colonel Lee of the British army to an astonished House of Commons recently. The speaker was military attache of the British Embassy at Washington during our war with Spain, and accompanied our troops to Cuba. As a close student of military affairs, he was familiar with the personnel of the armies of the world, and was disposed to think the British soldier second to no other. His Cuban experiences led him to hold and his candor impelled him to utter the compliment above quoted. Our soldiers in China, serving side by side with the best European troops, have been outclassed by none in discipline, self-control and courageous devotion to duty.

Events to-day are moving with marvelous rapidity. Corporate combinations yesterday considered fabulous are to-day realities. Principles yesterday revered as sacred are to-day renounced as puerile rot. The present tendency in less than a decade will make a complete revolution in the character of the nation. The old man will pass away before the harvest. The young man must ultimately reap the fruit of the seed we are now sowing. Hence of all men the young man is most intimately concerned with the culmination of the present policy. In the political arena the young man is supreme. The energy, enthusiasm, persistency, buoyancy and numerical superiority make him a determining factor in the molding of public policy. If he will but awake to the realization of the fact, he has it within his power to direct the destiny of the republic. His verdict concerning the present problems which agitate the political and industrial world will mean weal or woe for the rising generation.

Country school teachers in Illinois are to be charged with the rather big task of convincing their pupils that it isn't worth while to run away from the farm to become rich or famous in the cities. A convention of county superintendents has agreed upon this as a necessity if the country schools in that State are not to become extinct from want of pupils. Whether this educational movement will have any effect upon the Illinois country boys is uncertain. If it were possible to secure a census of the country boys who have left the farm to swell the poverty and crime of the cities instead of improving their condition, the chance of checking the migration from country to town might be improved. Unfortunately, the country boys of Illinois, like those of other States, read and hear only of the small minority who achieve a conspicuous success. The names of those who fail don't get in the papers. Teaching agriculture by scientific methods will doubtless make farming more profitable and less irksome to the boys who remain on the farm, but the sure way for the Illinois school teachers to check the migration from farm to city will be to convince the boys, if they can, that it pays better, on the whole, to be of some account in a country neighborhood than to become an uncounted unit of a city rabble.

The trend of literary publications in this country partakes of the spirit of the times and is almost purely commercial in its purpose, character, and advertising. The authors are not of the first rank and some of them of no rank at all, so far as past success is concerned, yet by skillful advertising and commercial methods a furore is started for their mechanically constructed books and they reap temporary but large profits. It is another peculiarity of the book-making of the day that it is purely imitative. A book following a certain special line makes a success. Straightway books of that kind flood the market. New writers spring up in all directions and even the old writers catch the contagion and leave their regular field of work for the specialty which is the fad. Take the historical romance, for instance. One successful book of this kind was followed by scores, among them "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "In the Palace of the King," "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "Under the Red Robe," "Janice Meredith," and numerous others, running up into the hundreds. They are not only crowding the book stalls, but flooding the stage in dramatized form. The historical romance is now somewhat on the wane. Readers are growing tired of story after story constructed substantially on the same lines, with the same conventional hero and heroine, and the same kind of adventures, but other fads are promptly on hand. Two of these are well under way at present. It was only necessary for Mr. Westcott's "David Harum" to prove a success to set other writers at work making Yankee character sketches. Irving Bachellor gives us "Eben Holden," Charles Sherlock "Your Uncle Lew," and Edwin A. Dix "Old Bowen's Legacy." These are only the forerunners, but they are all successful from the commercial standpoint. The portraits of the authors stare at us in posters and magazine covers contain startling arrays of figures running into the thousands for each first edition. Men who were never suspected of a literary turn of mind are launched by the publishers as successful novelists. Another fad just beginning to rage is the love letter. That adroit literary fake, "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," set the pace. Victor Hugo's love letters have just been published, also "The Love Letters of a Liar." "Bismarck's Love Letters" and "Another Englishwoman's Love Letters" are in press. Le Gallienne has published "The Love Letters of the King" (though the title is misleading), and "Napoleon's Love Letters" and "Canova's Love Letters to Mme. Recamier" are announced. To keep up with these fads is exhausting, if not impossible. In such an emergency there is comfort in the words of the last article written by Charles Dudley Warner: "Without special anxiety, then, to keep pace with all the ephemeral in literature, lest we should miss for the moment something that is permanent, we can rest content in the vast accumulation of the tried and genuine that the ages have given us. Anything that really belongs to literature to-day we shall certainly find awaiting us to-morrow."

Bathing in Wine.

Malmsey is again used in France for bathing purposes. It takes a hundred quarts of wine for a bath, the French character of which is shown by the fact that the wine is poured back into the barrel after use, and is employed over again for the next bath.

Her Opinions.

Husband—I wonder why it is that all the misers we read of are old bachelors?

Wife—Oh, married misers are so common they are not worth mentioning.

The amateur violinist is continually bowing and scraping.

SLEEVE AND BOLERO.

IN THESE ARE THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

Every Dressmaker Has Her Own Designs, and They Are Numberless as the Sands of the Sea Shore—Notes on Gotham Modes.

New York correspondence:



EVERY dressmaker seems to have her especial pet kind, or two or three kinds, of sleeves, and these she duplicates as often as possible. Probably it would be too much to expect that every dressmaker should be ready with all the patterns of sleeves now in use, but it would be better if they would offer their customers a less limited array. As it is, however, one maker's offerings are so unlike another's that the sum of all the various kinds is very great. Moderately fanciful ones are in such general use that perfectly plain sorts are rarely seen except in strict tailor gowns. Many elaborate dresses show sleeves of such elaboration that they become the choice feature of the entire costume. Lovely effects are accomplished by close grouping of tucks, running from shoulder to wrist with intervals when the tucks are allowed to spring free, and many variations result when the tucks are not all freed at exactly the same point, when every other tuck only is freed at some points, and all at others.

Pretty much all elaboration is below the elbow. When undersleeves are worn they fully fill the spread of the outer sleeve. Slashings after the manner of the old Juliet sleeve show puffings of the undersleeve, sometimes above the elbow or at the shoulder even. Some exquisite embroidered lawn sleeves are made very full, and are clasped to the arm above and below the elbow by wide bands of the dress stuff richly embroidered, sometimes a narrow wristband holds the lawn just above the hand. Richly embroidered stuffs and Persian colorings are used for elaboration of sleeves, and real lace is thought none too fine. Recent designs of sleeves are well represented in the accompanying pictures, those of the gown sketched for the initial illustration being the most novel of all. Here was a bolero of biscuit cloth stitched in white, worn over a front of black velvet loops, the undersleeves corresponding. Novelties of this character are in great demand.

Next to sleeves the favorite medium of the dressmaker is the bolero. They have been so long stylish that no wonder women are a bit tired of the name, but she who won't indorse them might as well give up and go to bed. To be up to date she should then have her nightdress finished with a lace or embroidery bolero. A glance at the second of these pictures will show the forms some of them take.



SHAPES THAT BOLEROS TAKE.

At the left is one of oyster cloth trimmed with black and white striped velvet. Beside this is another of moss green meltonette finished with a sailor collar and much stitching. The next example was brown cheviot and had a postillion back. White silk covered with cream lace finished revers and collar. At the right is another that was long in back, and with an unusual but not showy arrangement of Persian trimming. Then the little jacket displayed by the seated woman was black cheviot with a hair line white stripe, and with trimming of red and white striped silk. A last model of dove gray cashmere had scalloped edges buttonhole stitched with white.

The stylish summer silk gown will be a matter of expense. The original outlay for material may be very slight, but this will be so heavily laden with lace, so elaborated, tucked and so wonderfully molded to the form that when complete they cost a pretty figure. Most women will think they are worth it. The silks were never prettier. Grounds of blue, green, rose, brown, amber and black are all flowered or figured in white. The very prettiest show tiny figures or all-over line effects. Tucking modifies the character of the pattern, and some dresses are really wonders of these effects. Arabian lace is in great favor for making up with summer silks.

Three model dresses of summer silks are put here by the artist. The left-hand one was white landsdowne, with applique of heavy cream lace and narrow black velvet ribbon as trimmings. The princess gown was pale blue chiffonette foulard. Knife pleating, applique of pink creton roses and leaves and an odd layer bolero of crisp white silk muslin finished it. Last is shown ruby red foulard dotted with black. Gilt cord and buttons, straps of the silk and white silk embroidered in gilt were used as trimming. Some summer silk dresses made with skirts all over flounces have two bodices, one high-necked and elbow sleeve for afternoon, the other low-necked for evening. Simplicity evening gowns are much the rage for dancing frocks, and all sorts of simple frocks are made of solid color wash silk.

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SAMPLES OF SUMMER SILKS.

Disuse of Pens.

"One of the industries that the twentieth century will drive out of existence is the manufacture of pens," said a stationer the other day. "Just as the nineteenth century brought the steel pen in place of the quill so will the twentieth century see the typewriting machine take the place of the pen. The effect is already very noticeable. Last year we didn't sell half as many pens as we sold five years ago, and the decrease has been steady each year. Some large business houses have a system of keeping books with typewriting machines, and when this becomes more simplified it is bound to be universal. I shouldn't be surprised to see the pen manufacturers go out of business within a few years. Indeed, it is not beyond the range of possibility that a hundred years from now handwriting, if not exactly regarded as a lost art, will be at least looked upon as a relic of antiquity, and specimens of handwriting will be treasured as curiosities."—Philadelphia Record.

The fisheries on Lake Erie give employment to 3,728 persons.

Children's Corner



What Asia Has Given Us.

Did you ever stop to think what the continent of Asia has given mankind? It almost seems as if a great share not only of our blessings but of our ills came from the far East. Man himself, according to the story of the Bible, had his beginning in Asia, for the Garden of Eden is generally believed to have been located somewhere near the Persian Gulf. Man's best friend, the horse, hails from Arabia, and to this day that country sends forth the highest type of that animal. Several of the finest varieties of goat came from Asia, among them the Cashmere and the Angora.

The sheep has been a domestic animal ever since history began, and one of the first statements in the Bible is that Abel, the son of Adam, was a keeper of sheep. According to general belief this was in Western Asia. What would we do for roast chicken at Sunday dinner if India and the Malay peninsula had not furnished the jungle fowl from which our common barnyard fowl has descended?

Wheat is believed to be a native of Mesopotamia, near the head of the Persian Gulf, and for centuries millions of Asiatic people have made rice their chief article of food. As is well known, the Chinese first discovered how to make silk from the cocoon of the silkworm, and long before Westerners knew anything about it they were weaving the most beautiful fabrics.

But there are other things that came from Asia that most of think we could do without. The common rat began his career in Western China thousands of years ago and he has been busy ever since. The common mouse traces its history back to India, as does the cockroach, that invader of the kitchen.

Kite Twelve Feet in Height.

A kite twelve feet tall would make anybody's eyes bulge with excitement, I fancy. A gentleman at Ypsilanti, Mich., has devised many monster machines that rise in the air hundreds of feet and are the envy of boys for miles around. When one of his kites was flown in tandem with a seven-foot box kite and a fourteen-foot box kite it was strong enough to lift a man into the air. When the big kite was flown near a farmhouse the chickens and turkeys, seeing the monster in the air, rushed for their sheds and coops. The women, seeing the commotion but not its cause, shouted, "A hawk, a hawk." When the farmer came out with his gun and saw the great kite soaring over his buildings he decided not to shoot.



FLYING A MONSTER KITE.

Baby's Picture Gained a Home.

Not many days ago some one was collecting pictures of pretty babies to publish in a Chicago paper, took a photograph of a poor little homeless girl. Soon after, the tiny orphan's face, with several others, was published and the paper containing it fell into the hands of a woman who had a beautiful home, but no child.

Before the great newspaper presses had finished rolling off copies of the edition containing that baby's picture, a richly dressed woman appeared in the office asking where she could find the original of the beautiful little face; and, twelve hours later, the homeless, nameless waif had been taken away from the institution where charity was keeping her, and tucked into a comfortable crib, with plenty of soft, warm clothing, in a home of her own.

One can only wish that every child, not born into a happy home, could be born with a face that would help it to find a way there as easily as this.

Boys' Gold Mine.

Near the village of Anaconda, in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado, there is the smallest gold mine in the world, its owners and operators being boys. The company operating the mine is known ts the "Yellow Kid Mining Company," with a capital of 30 cents, and controlled by three brothers named O'Brien. Dan O'Brien, 5 years old, is the engineer and president; Bart is official ore sorter and treasurer; John is general superintendent. The boys have sunk a shaft twenty-five feet, which has three levels. They have taken as a model of their plant the Morning-glory Mine, which is situated near by, and have gallows frame, ore cars, buckets, bins, screens, dump, bell signals, shaft house, tools and implements exactly like those of the big mines in the district. The boys work two hours every day, and it is their ambition to succeed their father in the management of the Morning-glory Mine.

For Busy Little Fingers.

Take a piece of cardboard five inches long by four inches wide. Fold it once so that the shorter edges come together for covers, you may or may not cover it with linen, and upon one side embroider the word "Needles" in fancy letters. Tie in some narrow ribbon leaves of flannel, and fasten the whole by another ribbon passing around the book and tying at the edges in a pretty bow. Two slits may be made in the cardboard cover on each side if it has been left uncovered and the ribbon be slipped through these cuts. If it has been covered the tying ribbon should be fastened to the linen at the back.

Bertie's Remedy.

Three children—Claude, seven years old; Mildred, five years old, and Bertie, three years old—were playing together. Little Mildred said to her brother Claude: "Isn't God good to give us such a nice little Brother Bertie to play with?" Bertie was sitting beside them all the while and saying not a word. In the afternoon of the same day, little Bertie playfully pinched his sister Mildred, who, half crying, said: "Mamma, what shall we do with Bertie? He's pinching me." Bertie, in a sober, droll sort of way, said: "O, send me back to Dod!"

Wanted a Divorce.

Clarence, aged 5, had been severely chastised by his parents for disobedience, and the next day, without saying a word to anyone, he called at the office of the family legal adviser, who happened to be a particular friend of the little fellow's. "Well, Clarence," said the man of the law, after shaking hands, "what can I do for you?" "Please, Mr. Brown," replied Clarence gravely, "I want to get a divorce from our family."

Boys in Greenland.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far North appear in the spring, the work begins. No boy who has not practiced a great deal at climbing the rough mountain-sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at fifteen, and even before, a Greenland boy is as strong of limb, as fearless of heart, and as cool of head as any steeple-climber.

Remedied the Dryness.

Mother—I wonder how this new book got in such a horrible condition.

Little Max—I heard papa say it was too dry for him, so I poured water on it.

Describing a Circle.

A pupil in the juvenile department astonished his teacher recently by describing a circle as "A straight line that's crooked all the way round."

Pass Laws Out of Doors.

There are almost as many kinds of parliament as there are races which elect them. Some are amazingly antiquated in their methods of procedure, while others are as go-ahead as it is possible to be. On the continent, however, more or less of a family likeness exists between the parliaments of the various great powers, though in the lesser states there are many interesting and distinctive methods of government. One of the most remarkable instances of these existing to-day is the "landsgemeinde" of the canton of Glarus, in Switzerland.

The government of no Swiss canton by the people is more absolute than in that of Glarus, where the burghers assemble annually to hold their outdoor parliament in a large square—usually on the first Sunday in May, weather permitting. The honored president occupies a platform in the middle of the square. There are places for boys around this platform, the young idea thus being taught early how to legislate wisely and well for his beloved country. Altogether the landsgemeinde is one of the most quaint and ideal little parliament in existence.

Camels Are Ill-Tempered.

Looking at the patient camel one wouldn't suppose that he has a temper so vicious when aroused as to make him a most dangerous beast to an unarmed man. Recently the camel sowar of the residency in Aden met a fearful death while trying to drive off a camel which was worrying his own beast. It was in the night and he had left his house to chase away the intruder. As soon as he reached the strange animal the camel seized him by the throat with its teeth, lifted him off the ground and violently shook him, rushing about madly in the meantime. The man drew his dagger when the animal came at him, but he was unable to use it. At the shouting of two Arabs who ran up the camel dropped his victim, but it was too late to save the man's life, for he had six ghastly wounds in the throat and neck.

A little while before this incident a Somali boy was teasing a camel, which chased him. The boy plunged into the sea to escape, but the camel followed, swam out to the boy and killed him in the water.

Modest in Her Demand.

The following paragraph is a joke, as may reasonably be supposed; it was written in all seriousness by a woman of the day, who regards the world and all that is in it is, as hers by right. Says this modest she:

"What a woman wants in a husband is the honest and true heart ready to share with her every private care or public success—the man who is willing to toil early and late that he may pour into her lap the golden reward, while she sits in comfort disbursing the same." Well, a man of that sort would be a handy thing to have about the house; but how long could such a woman keep him there?

Shop Talk.

Shop talk sometimes penetrates even to the nursery. A young and successful artist was heard to exclaim with profound conviction, while he was contemplating his son and heir, twenty-four hours old:

"There is a great deal of tone about that baby!"

Youthful enthusiasm causes a boy to imagine that he knows more than his father.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

WHY SOME WOMEN FAIL.

TO the question, "Why do women fail in business?" the secretary of a woman's employment bureau recently said: "Not long ago I set myself to solve that problem. I had before me the particulars of some 250 girls and women for whom a certain society had been unable to find work. In nearly 100 of these cases 'want of training' was set down as the chief reason why work could not be found. Of another fifty, 'deficient education' was the main hindrance.

"I think some women fail in business for these reasons—want of training, which is another name for lack of experience, and deficient education. If insufficient experience prevents a girl from being accepted as a clerk or a nursery governess, how much more likely is it to prevent a woman from holding her own when she attempts, in the face of commercial competition, to establish any kind of business for herself? To master a business properly one should begin at the bottom and work upward. It is a fatal mistake to try to learn a business from the top, and those who have committed the blunder by constituting themselves employers and mistresses of large enterprises have often fallen to the bottom more abruptly than was pleasant.

"Some women ascribe their failure to want of capital, but I do not regard this difficulty as a serious one. Too much capital, which prevents a woman from getting any real knowledge of business, leading her to be extravagant in her ideas, is quite as often a hindrance as the possession of too little.

"A girl's education should be both thorough and general, though it need not, for commercial purposes, be scholarly. She also needs preparation for the special kind of business which she intends to adopt. With this dowry and an average amount of mother wit, a girl has little to fear. Indeed, I consider that in many manufacturing and commercial enterprises she has now an especially good prospect of success."

Literary Women.

Helen Mathers is to publish a new book soon. It will be entitled "Cinders."

"St. John and the American Girl" is to be the title of Lillian Bell's new book of short stories.

A stained glass window has been erected to the memory of Jane Austen in Winchester cathedral.

A life of Queen Alexandra is to be written by Mrs. Sarah Toley, who has been in Denmark collecting material and obtaining fresh information from those who knew the queen in her girlhood.

Miss Gwendolen Overton's much-talked-about novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," and Miss Beulah Marie Dix's clever story, "The Making of Christopher Ferringham," have been well received in England.

Miss Selma Lagerlof, who gained a considerable reputation outside of her native Sweden by her novels, "Gosta Berling" and "The Miracles of Anti-Christ," has written a new story called "From a Swedish Homestead."

A Girl Page.

Miss Mary Kilgallon of Butte enjoys the distinction accorded no other girl of her age in the country. When the Montana Legislature convened in January Miss Kilgallon was appointed as a page and the Montana Legislature thereby established a precedent. Miss Kilgallon is the daughter of Thomas S. Kilgallon, a member of the House from Silver Bow County, who is superintendent of the Colosa Parrott mine at Butte, owned by United States Senator Clark. Miss Kilgallon was, during the session, a most efficient member of the third house.



MISS KILGALLON.

The Baby's Shoes.

During the "creeping period" it seems impossible to keep baby's shoe tips in good condition for more than a day or two. Even the daintiest and the strongest of the new shoes become unsightly after a day's creeping about the floor. This can be avoided by fitting a cap of kid (cut from the top of your old shoes) to the litle shoe. Let it come back as far as the hollow of the foot on the bottom and to the buttons on top. Fasten an elastic to the sides, cross at the back.

For the Girl Whose Income Is Slender.

A girl who finds it necessary to economize and who receives many invitations should have at least one pair of the washable glace kid gloves. The gloves are very smart with pique stitching and huge pearl buttons, and they may be washed as easily as handkerchiefs. You wash them with ordinary soap and then rinse them in clear water and dry them in a towel. One pair of these gloves will do for months, and the girl who owns them and keeps them scrupulously clean may feel herself as well gloved as the woman who has two dozen pairs of the ordinary kid gloves. There is also a new shoe that is a great money saver. It is of calfskin and is treated with oils and unguents in some way so that water does not affect it. The leather is so soft that no lining is required. The bottom of the boot is finished with rubber discs. These make walking a pleasure, as they are very elastic, and they protect the soles of the feet from cold and dampness.

Good Advice to Young Mothers.

Here is a new idea for curing the children's restlessness. A restless, peevish, imaginative youngster, who seems equally unable to become interested in studies or pleasures, is a constant trial both in school and at home.

Here is an original case that will often prove helpful. Said a teacher the other day: "When I find a pupil restless and out of temper, with flushed face and generally heated look, I send him out to let the cold water run on his wrists. In a few minutes he comes back cool and calm. The circulation is quickly affected by an application to the wrist. In a chill a nurse will put hot compresses at the pulse with excellent results, or bathe the wrist with camphor to revive a fainting fit; and this gave me the idea of reducing the temperature of a restless, irritable pupil."

How to Treat Your Guest.

Remember, there is such a thing as overdoing the attention paid a guest. Do not feel that you must be forever at her elbow; do not think it necessary to plan something for every minute of her day. Nothing is more annoying, says the Woman's Home Companion. People, even when they are visiting, like to have moments to themselves. They like to go to places where they feel at home, and no woman feels at home if her hostess is continually at her hand suggesting things for her amusement; nor does it conduce to her comfort if she feels that the household has been turned upside down because of her coming.

To Tie Marriage Knots.

Mrs. Alice Baker, pastor of the Spiritual Progressive Society of Cleveland, is ready to marry timid lovers who have not the courage to "stand up" before a man. She has taken out a license to solemnize marriage and is the only woman in that city who is authorized to make two hearts as one. Mrs. Baker is a minister's daughter.



MRS. BAKER.

Enemy of the Home.

Too much business is the enemy of the home. Men are so pressed that they are up late and early, toiling day and night trying to keep their heads above water. The result is, the family is deprived of their presence and the home is left desolate when the man of the house is away. Nothing distresses a woman more than to feel that she is neglected. An enemy of our happiness enters the home when the man who could make it a place of joy to all comes only at meal times, swallows, without eating, his hasty lunch, and is off again to return no more, perhaps, until a late hour of the night.

Good Taste in Carpets.

Velvet carpets are now cut into rugs, and used without borders, a plan which makes possible utilizing partly-worn carpets of large rooms for small rooms. Few new carpets are now fitted to the corners of the room, a bare space being left if only of a few inches. The greater ease with which moths and carpet bugs can be looked after is a paramount reason for this arrangement. Fur rugs, it may be added, should not be spread in the middle of a room or across an entrance door. Put them rather where they will add comfort, as before a chair or sofa.

Graceful Games for Girls.

Any mother who has the slightest regard for her daughters' figures should bring them up to play all kinds of graceful games. It improves the figure, gives elegance and style to the girl and a light, quick tread, and places her in the most charming of lights. Fashionable mothers are beginning to grasp this fact and follow it out, and lacrosse, rowing, croquet and billiards are all daily gaining favor. As to the latter game, a charming girl adds tenfold to her attractions while she is playing it well.

Waning of the Honeymoon.

Honeymoons seem gradualy disappearing, says the London Graphic. Their days are shortened, their severity is being modified. The fortnight of our grandmothers' honeymoons has merged into a few days, and during that time all kinds of amusements are admissible. We read of brides going out hunting, attending theaters, abroad in this case, paying visits and otherwise mitigating the seriousness of the tete-a-tete, until it is quite possible that we may be approaching the extinction of the honeymoon.

Spoiling the Teeth.

The habit some women have of biting their cotton spoils the edge of the teeth, and if they are inclined to be brittle is likely to make the enamel chip. Precipitated chalk is an excellent toothpowder and has the merit of being cheap.

CATTLE NOT CLAIMED.

AN OWNERLESS HERD ROAMS COLORADO PLAINS.

Thousands of Fine, Fat Beef Animals, Not Fearing Anyone's Brand, May Be Had for the Catching, and They Are Valuable.

In the northwestern corner of Colorado there awaits a tidy fortune for the man or men who can devise and execute some scheme to corral it.

Here, in what man be truly called "Unknown Colorado," is a country still in that interesting border condition between the passing of the Indians, the trapper and the hunter and the advent of the settler. There are cattle on a thousand hills, free of brand, and not a bill of sale for them held by any man.

They are to be had for the catching. With a wagon load of food, a few cow ponies and plenty of grit you may secure over 2,000 fat and fine beef cattle.

The old-time cowboys of Routt and Rio Blanco Counties know of their existence, and more than one has tried to become their owner. Several years ago an Eastern speculator, who had learned the story while passing through the country, formed a small company, but his capital and patience gave out while following elusive trails, and the cattle still roam unbranded.

Joe Burgett, the game warden, made a determined effort to capture these mavericks, but he came off with nothing better than a broken leg. A fall from his horse put him out of the race just when success seemed near at hand, when he had surpassed all previous attempts by actually riding among the wily brutes.

In the folklore of the country two stories are told. When the Mormons were traveling in search of their Zion they struck portions of what is now Colorado. One party crossed North Park from corner to corner. Continuing, it went through Egeria and Twenty Mile parks into what is now Routt County. It camped one night in a large bottom, after its usual fashion.

A terrible mountain storm blew up at midnight and the cattle became stupefied. The customary plan of circling about them failed to check the runaways, and soon 1,000 head or more were coursing madly down the gulch. The roughness of the country, the blackness of the night and the absolute madness of the cattle made it impossible for the Mormons to head them off. When the storm ceased and the morning broke 1,000 mangled beeves were found piled one on the other at the foot of a tremendous cliff.

The pilgrims passed on and to-day there still remains a huge pile of blanched bones to mark the site of the catastrophe. A few of the cattle, however, the last to go over the bank and whose fall was broken by the mass beneath, managed to crawl out, maimed and bruised, to wander forth and propagate and multiply into the herd that now inhabits the valleys of the Snake and Bear Rivers.

The other solution is credited to the Indian department. Cattle furnished to the various Indian agencies were all branded with Uncle Sam's special "I. D." It is said that when the Indians were transferred from the range of the White River to their present reservations in Utah the department cattle were hastily and carelessly rounded up and sent with them. Later round-ups developed the fact that a large number of cattle had been overlooked. It is supposed that the present cattle are the offspring of others who escaped the second and third of those haphazard round-ups.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Coins can be securely held in packages by an improved holder, which is formed of a strip of tin rolled into a cylinder, with scalloped ends, which are bent against the end coins after the package is filled.

In an improved strainer for coffee pots a piece of tin is perforated through the center and the edges bent to form a pocket in connection with the side of the pot, wire springs holding it in place over the outlet.

Water can be distilled for household use by means of an Ohio man's device, in which a kettle is placed on the fire to generate steam, which passes through a pipe in the lid to a receptacle below, condensing before it leaves the pipe.

Bottles and other glassware can be safely packed for shipping in a new crate, which has spring-pressed partitions adjustably placed inside the walls to press against the sides of the fragile articles and prevent the reception of sudden shocks.

In a newly patented hitching post slots are cut on one side, with recesses at the upper ends, to carry plates for use as steps in getting into a carriage, the plates being turned up into the slots when not in use, thus leaving no projections to drive against.

Avignon Restored.

Archeologists will be glad to hear that the restoration of the palace of the Popes at Avignon is nearly complete. The central tower is already repaired, and it presents an imposing aspect—an aspect similar to that of the fourteenth century. The old Papal citadel is at present occupied by a regiment of infantry, but when the work of restoration has been finished the soldiers will evacuate it, and the old palace will be handed over to the municipality, to be used, most probably, as a museum. Avignon is one of the old towns of France, which is well worth a visit.—Paris Messenger.

It's a mighty deaf man that doesn't hear the dinner bell.

THE PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

Her Father Was a Harnessmaker and Her Mother a Half-Indian.

Princess Salm-Salm, whose devotion to our sick soldiers during the civil war earned for her a captain's commission and a captain's pay, came originally from a little Canadian town on the northern shore of Lake Champlain. Her father was a harness-maker and her mother a half-Indian herb doctor who had gained quite a reputation for her cures. In her younger days the Princess was a servant in the family of an Episcopal minister. But the restrain and monotony of such a life was too much far the Indian blood in her veins. She ran away with a circus and became a well-known equestrienne under the name of "Mlle. Agnes Leclerq." In Washington she married Prince Felix Salm-Salm, a younger son of the royal house of Anhalt, who had come to America as a soldier of fortune. At the close of the rebellion they went to Mexico, where the prince enlisted under the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. Again the princess played a part both romantic and heroic. When the cause for which her husband fought was lost she moved heaven and earth to save the life of the fallen Emperor. But she pleaded, plotted and bribed in vain. When her husband was released they went to Germany and there the Franco-Prussian war gave her still another opportunity. To the sick, as usual, she gave all her time and the benefit of a valuable experience. More than one person saw old King William stop her in the street and salute the princess, kissing her hand—a slight recognition of her service. At the battle of St. Privat her husband was killed. Now the whilom harness-maker's daughter, servant and circus performer, lives in the university town of Bonn, respected by all for the heroic deeds.



PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

UNIFORMED PALL BEARERS.

Unique Idea in the Matter of Conducting Funerals.

The city of Milwaukee comes to the front with an original idea in the matter of conducting funerals. In order to provide pallbearers at funerals where families cannot or will not make arrangements for them a pallbearers' association has been formed which will furnish at short notice and at reasonable cost a uniformed escort for the dead. The uniform will consist of a black coat with lace ruffles at the wrists and wide white lace collar. Knee breeches, black stockings, buckled shoes, a black hat like those worn by the Knights Templar, and a sword complete the outfit in pleasant weather, but when it rains, or in cold weather, a heavy black military cloak will be worn over all.



KNIGHT OF CASKET.

If this new knight of melancholy aspect becomes sufficiently popular in Milwaukee to become a financial success, its introduction in other cities throughout the United States is a reasonable certainty.

BRONZE LABEL FOR UNION-BUILT STRUCTURES.

After several years of discussion the building trades have hit upon a label, which is now in readiness for distribution by the National Building Trades Council. The general features of the label were decided on at the last annual convention of the national body at Cincinnati, but it is only within a week or two that it has been in readiness for use. It is made of bronze, is about a foot in width, and seven or eight inches high. It is to be placed in some conspicuous place in buildings which have been constructed entirely by union labor, or labor which at least takes out the working cards of the National Building Trades Council.

Manufactured Rubies.

A company is being formed in England to purchase the secret of manufacturing rubies, which are being made in large quantities in Paris. The mode of manufacture is kept very close, but it has been revealed to Sir William Crookes, so that in the event of an emergency, such as the death of the inventor, he may be able to put the company on the right road.

People frequently pass remarks, yet no one ever sees them.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



"The Seed Is the Word."

We have nothing to do with the nature of a seed. Its qualities and powers and life are hidden from our view. We discover them only when the seed, placed in an environment congenial to its nature, flings open its heart and flaunts its secret before us. It must be wooed to make its confession. It must have its confidence won before it reveals its secret. Its heart nature cannot be known save through the ministry of gentleness. Nothing outside reveals its true content. No uncongenial soil or inhospitable rock can persuade it to unbosom itself. To judge of value or beauty or power inside the wheat germ or rose haw or acorn by the hard and unpromising exterior were folly; but when, after burial in soil adapted to its nature we see at last the green shoot, the stalk, the waving, gold-crowned head, bearing its hundredfold harvest; the fragrant, radiant-petaled, exquisitely molded rose; the giant oak, grappling with strenuous energy for anchorage among the rocks, while tempests sweep its branches in attempt to wrest it from its enthronement, then do we first, in fullness, read the story of the reticent and forbidding germ. To hearts holden by human limitation and sin the word seems but enigma. Our only way to learn its meaning and discover its power is by the planting of it in congenial soil. Surely it were neither fair nor sensible to judge it by what it discloses on a barren rock or in a thorn hedge, for its germ can never be unfolded there; but when into honest, eager, willing hearts, as into a fallow field, it falls, having the various nourishment God has providentially arranged for its development, we see it bursting out into a new life. Human life, transformed, redeemed, beautiful, made fragrant, glorified by the exquisite flowering and fruiting and refreshing that the word, buried, reborn, and living in the soul, produces—life such as this, a daily, hourly miracle, is the magnificent and unanswerable proof of the vitality, power, and endurance of the word of God.—Watchman.

Persistency Wins.

Persistency is characteristic of all men who have accomplished anything great. They may lack in some other particular, may have many weaknesses and eccentricities, but the quality of persistence is never absent in a successful man. No matter what opposition he meets or what discouragements overtake him, he is always persistent. Drudgery cannot disgust him, labor cannot weary him. He will persist, no matter what comes or what goes. It is a part of his nature. He could almost as easily stop breathing. It is not so much brilliancy or intellect or fertility of resource as persistency of effort, constancy of purpose, that gives success. Persistency always inspires confidence. Everybody believes in the man who persists. He may meet misfortunes, sorrows and reverses, but everybody believes that he will ultimately triumph, because they know there is no keeping him down. "Does he keep at it—is he persistent?" This is the question which the world asks about a man. Even a man with small ability will often succeed if he has the quality of persistence, where a genius without it would fail.

Love Your Business.

A man can no more be successful in a business he does not like than can a man be happy with a wife he does not love.

Enthusiasm is the power which impels men onward in any and every vocation. Without it men are lethargic. They will drift. But to pull against the tide they are as unable as they are unwilling.

Drifting, however, does not win the race, either in business or aquatic events. There must be the long pull, the strong pull and the pull with vigor.

Men in business to-day have no easy task. There is a great deal to discourage and very little to encourage. There are foes within and foes without to contend against.

Under such conditions it is no wonder so many either fail altogether or eke out a mere existence.

The antidote for despair is enthusiasm, and the germ of enthusiasm is love for or pleasure in that business or vocation in which you are embarked.

Therefore, if you would succeed, get in love with your business.—Selected.

When We Face the Past.

A rich landlord cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, then a little boy of eight years, witnessed it. He afterward became a painter, and painted a life likeness of the dark scene.

Years afterward he placed it where the man saw it. The man turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a large sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight.

Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again, whether it has been good or evil.—Episcopal Recorder.

Manners.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.—Emerson.

Helpful Thoughts.

A brave, resolute, Christian life is not always smooth sailing; but the inward power becoms an overmatch for headwinds. Sometimes the gales of adversity sweep away a Christian's possessions, but there is an undisturbed treasure down in the hold—a glorious consciousness that One is with him that the world can neither give nor take away.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

SOLDIER GOT A NEW LIP.

Remarkable Surgical Operation on a South African Battlefield.

The London Hospital, an English medical publication, reprints with enthusiastic comment from an American newspaper the account of an operation performed in the field in South Africa by a doctor connected with one of the regiments in the British army. The incident occurred at Pretoria. An Irishman who belonged to one of the regiments engaged was practically riddled with dum-dums. The body was carried to the rear and was seen by the doctor while en route. Not long afterward the doctor was in a section of the field where the fighting was fast and furious. A Scotch regiment was there engaged and one of the men who knew the doctor called out in a cheery tone, "Eh, doctor, but we'll pound the deils afore munelicht."

Presently the Scotch regiment charged. Not long after the wounded began to stream back toward the rear. Among the number the doctor was shocked to find the brawny Scot who had hailed him so bravely but a short time before. The man's upper lip had been completely torn away and his face presented a horrible sight. The surgeon hastened to attend him and suddenly thought of the Irishman whose body had been brought to the rear not long before. Placing the Scotchman on the hastily constructed field operating table he caused the anesthetic to be administered, and hastening to the yet warm body of the dead Irishman, cut off the uper lip. The Irishman's lip was quickly stitched in place under the Scotchman's nose. The operation was a decided success and the patient made a good recovery.

This operation was remarkable enough in itself, but the most peculiar fact in connection with it is one that the surgeon himself relates as an experience some months or so after the patient's discharge from the hospital. One day the doctor came across the Scotchman and asked him how he was getting on. To the great surprise of the surgeon the ex-patient replied: "Hegorro, doctor, I'm as roight as I can be, and faylin's illigant." In the operation of transplanting the lip of the Irishman to the face of the Scotchman the surgeon had inadvertently transplanted the accent.

We would never believe the latter part of this story if it were not printed in a medical journal.—Utica Observer.

Invented by a Man.

The narrow ribbons of black silk, finished at the ends with brass points, which have recently come into fashion, were invented by a Paris man milliner. He sat racking his brain one afternoon for some new idea to spring upon the women, and while this racking process went on his eyes rested absently on an old-fashioned print of a girl in a bodice that laced down the front as a corset laces. The broad silk string in the bodice attracted him. It was of silk ribbon, and it was pointed at the end with metal. It resembled a shoestring.

An idea came to the man milliner and he bought some dozens of those wide black shoelaces that are worn in Oxford ties. He tipped them with gilt wire, and hung them in a bunch from the waist of an afternoon gown. They had an instantaneous success. It wasn't long before, under the charming name of dingle-dangles, they had traveled to England and America.

Is It True?

It is asserted that women are conscienceless plagiarists, and appropriate the thoughts of others without a tinge of compunction. They fall into the habit of borrowing words, so to speak, when they are girls and, consciously or unconsciously, adopt such expressions of their companions as strike them as being attractive. From this small beginning they go on until they ruthlessly take whole stories and pass them off as their own.

"There are women who are scrupulously honest in this as in everything else," says a prominent club woman, "but you'd be surprised if you knew the number of pseudo literary women and newspaper women who feel no hesitancy in appropriating as their own the work of some other person's brains."

It's truly wonderful what large catalogues from small garden seeds grow.

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THE SUPREME COURT DECISION.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States regarding our insular possessions has been rendered and promulgated.

The Supreme Court declares first, that as a war measure, taxes and tariff duties may be levied by military authority in conquered territory, not as an integral part of the United States, but simply as a war power; second, that upon the making and ratification of a treaty of peace ceding such conquered territory to the United States, and prior to action by the Congress of the United States, such territory becomes United States territory, and as such territory is exempt from tariff duties levied upon foreign products and goods; third, that Congress may, however, in the exercise of its power under the constitution to govern territories, impose duties upon the products and goods of all territories and therefore of new acquired territory.

The decision does not suit either side to the late controversy as to the legal status of our insular possessions, but as it is the law as laid down by the Court of last resort, it is final, and will be cheerfully acquiesced in by all good Americans.

Russia has been the traditional friend of the United States. Today the Russian Government is the best and most sincere friend of this country of all the great powers of Europe. This fact is due not to old ties or to political considerations, but purely to the conditions and circumstances which exist and affect the business and trade of both countries. Unlike England and Germany, Russia is not jealous and has no reason to be jealous of the industrial and commercial supremacy of the United States. There is little rivalry between the two countries. Russia has a vast empire to develop; the completion of her Trans-Siberian Railway is her first great move to that end. The Empire wants and needs our products, and wants and needs close and friendly relations between her lines of transportation and her ports with our own. If Russia succeeds in dominating Manchuria the door will be open to our trade. We cannot be sure of as much with any other European power.

LITERARY NOTES.

Maxfield Parrish's fine decorative design on the cover of The Ladies' Home Journal for June forms a fitting introduction to a remarkably attractive issue. Among the most interesting features of this number are a double page of pictures, entitled "Where Golf is Played," showing some of the handsomest country club houses in America; a series of curious "Love Stories of the Zoo," told by Clifford Howard; the first installment of a fascinating new serial, "Aileen," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins; a touching full-page picture of "The Passing of the Farm," by W. L. Taylor; the queer experiences with "Some People I Have Married," by the Rev. D. M. Steele, and a vigorous article on "Women as 'Poor Pay,'" by Edward Bok. Numerous other articles of general and domestic interest fill out the rest of the number. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Is the race to become extinct while our women hunt for work higher than that which God gave them? It is infinitely lower work. What Woman's Club or Woman's Column can match the home which the wife and mother makes beautiful and sacred for her husband and sons? What are a thousand canvases to a litte child with its fair dimpled body and living soul?—June Ladies' Home Journal.

What Are We Coming To?

The fond mother had just killed 10 of her 12 children.

She was a happy wife, and her husband came home early every night.

"Now," she said, with a contented sigh, "John can close with the agent for that house."

This was 20 years from now, when no landlord would accept a tenant with more than two children.—New York Sun.

NOVEL CURES.

Unique Methods Employed to Overcome Certain Diseases.

Freezing, baking, illuminating, torturing, frightening and bruising are among the accepted ways of curing certain diseases, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. For example, the baking cure: When one has a well developed rheumatism, he is placed in a species of stove and the crystals of uric acid are literally melted out of his body.

Another odd cure once tried for rheumatism was burial in damp, warm clay. The first rheumatic burial took place at Menominee, Mich. The treatment was not a success, and this form of cure has been given up.

The freezing cure: This was first introduced by a Swiss doctor, Paul Burdeyront. He placed his patients in sheets immersed in ice water, packing the patient all about with crushed ice. This treatment is today used in typhoid fever cases.

Or the patient is plunged into an ice water bath. The treatment saves many lives. Raging fever above 105 degrees F. has been brought down by these means to normal—98 2-5 degrees—in less than ten minutes.

Neither of these modes of treatment actually freezes one. A physician of Paris, M. Figeau, introduced in 1890 an ammonia vapor method, which really froze the patient. The body was placed in a chamber into which certain chemicals were introduced. Ammonia gas, by sudden evaporation, then produced intense cold, and the blood in the body lost most of its heat.

M. Figeau's method did not meet with success. Some of his patients succumbed to the drastic measures, and the practice was abandoned.

The Torture of a Flax Shirt.

The most trying ordeal that Booker T. Washington was forced to endure as a slave boy was the wearing of a flax shirt. In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," he says:

"In the portion of Virginia where I lived it was common to use flax as part of the clothing for slaves. That part of the flax from which our clothing was made was largely the refuse, which of course was the cheapest and roughest part. I can scarcely imagine any torture except perhaps the pulling of a tooth that is equal to that caused by pulling on a new flax shirt for the first time. It is almost equal to the feeling that one would experience if he had a dozen or more chestnut burs or a hundred small pin points in contact with the flesh. Even to this day I can recall accurately the tortures that I underwent when pulling on one of these garments. The fact that my flesh was soft and tender added to the pain. But I had no choice. I had to wear the flax shirt or none, and had it been left to me to choose I should have chosen to wear no covering.

"In connection with the flax shirt my brother John, who is several years older than I am, performed one of the most generous acts that I ever heard of one slave relative doing for another. On several occasions when I was being forced to wear a new flax shirt he generously agreed to put it on in my stead and wear it for several days till it was 'broken in.' Until I had grown to be quite a youth this single garment was all that I wore."

The Resin Eaters.

"Resin eating," said a south Georgia doctor, "is a habit acquired by the Cracker settlers who live in the neighborhood of a turpentine still. The resin they use isn't the hard, shiny resin of commerce, but has been dipped out of the cooking caldron at an early stage of the process, and when it cools it can be kneaded between the fingers like wax. The backwoods resin eater will bite off an immense chunk and chew it placidly until it disappears. The heat of the mouth keeps it fairly soft, but if the chewing becomes too deliberate it is apt to 'set,' as they say, and cement the victim's jaws together in a grip of iron.

"On one occasion a big, rawboned backwoodsman who used to hang around a still I operated came rushing into my little office, clutching his face in both hands and making a horrible gurgling noise in his throat. 'What on earth is the matter?' I asked in alarm. 'His rosum's sot,' said another Cracker, who brought up the rear. I was nonplused at first, but finally grasped the fact that the man had been chewing a monstrous slab of resin and had thoughtlessly suspended operations long enough to allow it to solidify and clamp his teeth like a vice. We finally pried his mouth open with a chisel and broke a couple of molars in the operation. Next day I saw him chewing again."—Exchange.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

Willing to Hear of It.

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car.

"Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied. "Do you know any easier way?"—Boston Christian Register.

USING ANÆSTHETICS.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM AND ETHER.

Evil Deeds Are Not Easy to Do With the Aid of These Drugs—Some Popular Misinformation on the Subject Corrected.

A curious case of robbery under chloroform which was decided in London not long ago was followed with great interest by writers on medical jurisprudence. Hitherto many such writers have expressed great doubt about these cases, for the process is by no means so easy of use as people think.

Very extravagant ideas prevail among the public as to the power of anæsthetics, owing perhaps to the license employed by novelists when they describe "fancy" cases in their books.

One reads, for instance, of a man in a railway carriage waving a handkerchief before the face of a fellow traveler and producing instantaneous unconsciousness. This is absolutely impossible. Another imaginative writer recently described a murder carried out by pushing a towel saturated with a powerful anæsthetic under the bedroom door of his sleeping victim. This also is nonsense.

In another tale the more feasible plan is carried out of entering the sleeping man's chamber, pouring the anæsthetic on the bed, the murderer standing by and watching his victim die. But even this is stretching the truth rather severely.

The true facts about chloroform and its companion anæsthetic, ether, are as follows:

First, with regard to administering the drug during sleep, doctors have made very exhaustive experiments, for it would be of great advantage to a patient on whom an operation has to be performed to chloroform him while asleep and save him the horror which so many people have of the inhalation, and they sum up the results, showing that very rarely can chloroform be administered to a sleeping person without awakening him. Grown people are, with the rarest exception, awakened by the irritating fumes. If a man were tired and if his nose were naturally insensitive to unpleasant odors, and especially if he were under the influence of drink, it might be possible to make him unconscious while asleep. But not even every doctor could do it. The operation would require the highest skill, and the most skillful administrator would succeed only once in a hundred times.

If we take the case of spilling the chloroform in a room and thus impregnating all the air of the room, the thing is out of the question. Yet not only do novelists assert that this can be done, but many people have been actually charged in real life with doing it—for the purpose of blackmailing them, for injuring them or perhaps to throw off suspicion from the pretended victim who has committed the robbery himself. If the room measures, say, 12 feet square and is 9 feet high, it would probably take a gallon of chloroform spilled on the floor to make a man unconscious. All the chinks and crannies would have to be stopped up first, moreover, and the operator himself would have to be poison proof or he also would succumb.

As a matter of fact, the only way to render a person unconscious by the use of chloroform is in the way practiced by surgeons in the operating room. And this is by no means an easy task. There are several ways of doing it. The chloroform may be dropped on a handkerchief, which is then held over the face at some little distance, or it may be dropped on a sponge, or it may be used in one of the innumerable machines invented for the purpose. But the vapor must be mixed with air before it is breathed. That is the reason the handkerchief or the sponge is held some inches from the face. As a rule it takes from five to eight minutes to make the person unconscious, and during this time he generally struggles very violently.

It is probable that many of the charges of chloroforming which have been made are false. Sometimes the pretended victim asserts that he has become unconscious immediately. But it has been shown in evidence that the time necessary to bring about this result is at least four or five minutes. Sometimes he says he could not cry out, yet he describes all the circumstances of the administration minutely. Now, the first effect of the chloroform is to produce confusion of the mind, while, on the other hand, the patient can cry out almost up to the last. He becomes mentally confused before he loses the power of speech. These few facts are sufficient perhaps to demonstrate that some charges of possible chloroforming are necessarily untrue.—London Mail.

Some Exploded Food Fallacies.

Fish as a food of the brain worker must be consigned to the limbo of vanities, though certain forms of fish are the cheapest of all foods, notably the bloater. Oysters and turtle soup are frauds. It would take 14 oysters to equal the nourishment of one egg and 223 to provide the same amount of nutriment contained in a pound of beef.

Salt fish, especially salt fat fish, is the most valuable food for the poorer classes, and whole races in the south of Europe live on the Newfoundland cod. Canned salmon we see at 18 pence a pound is no more expensive than cod at sixpence. Millions of people live on it, and the North American settler who is not well provided with cash finds it a good substitute and change from flesh meat at times.

Frogs' legs are not of high nutritive value, which need not surprise us. Turtle soup from the chemist's point of view is not worth a tenth of the price paid for it.—Exchange.

A PERSEVERING MONKEY.

Professor Garner's Story of Nellie and the Matchbox.

Monkeys are always happy if they have plenty to eat and something to play with. Professor R. L. Garner, in his "Apes and Monkeys," says that he recalls no investment which ever yielded a greater return in pleasure than a certain little pocket match safe, which cost 25 cents. He gave it to a little monkey, Nellie by name, after putting into it a small key to make it rattle and some bits of candy.

She rattled the box and found much pleasure in the noise. I showed her how to press the spring in order to open the box, but her little black fingers were not strong enough to release the spring.

However, she caught the idea and knew that the spring was the secret which held the box closed. When she found that she could not open it with her fingers, she tried it with her teeth. Failing in this, she turned to the wall, and, standing upright on the top of her cage, she took the box in both hands and struck the spring against the wall until the lid flew open.

She was perfectly delighted at the result, and for the hundredth time at least I closed the box for her to open it again.

The next time Nellie received the match safe she was in her cage, and through its meshes she could not reach the wall. She had nothing against which to strike the spring to force it open.

After looking around and striking the box several times against the wires of the cage, she discovered a block of wood about six inches square. She took this and mounted her perch. Balancing the block on the perch, she held it with the left foot, while with the right foot she clung to the perch. With her tail wound around the meshes of the cage to steady herself, she carefully adjusted the matchbox in such a manner as to protect her fingers from the blow. Then she struck the spring against the block of wood, and the lid flew open.

She fairly screamed with delight as she held up the box.

CAME IN TO BE HANGED.

A Story Told of Abel Erasmus, the Boer, and Lord Wolseley.

A good story is told of the old Boer, Abel Erasmus, and Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, in connection with the part Erasmus took in Wolseley's campaign in 1879 against Sekukuni, the chief of the Bapedis, on the borders of Swaziland. After the capture of Sekukuni he was immediately brought before Sir Garnet Wolseley, who asked him how he, a miserable Kaffir, living in a cave, dared to defy the great queen of England. The chief replied that he had been instigated to do so by Abel Erasmus.

Sir Garnet in describing the scene at a public dinner given to him at Pretoria on his return from the campaign said that he wished there and then to let Abel Erasmus know that if ever he found that Erasmus had been inciting any chief to levy war against England and he was able to lay hands on him Abel Erasmus would hang as high as Haman.

A few days after the dinner Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Garnet's military secretary, was sitting in his office when a tall, bearded Boer entered and asked permission to speak with him.

"I am Abel Erasmus," he said, "and I have very important business to do here."

He explained that he had come to see Sir Garnet Wolseley, for he had heard that Sir Garnet had said that if he could lay hold of him he would hang him, and so he had come to be hanged. Sir Garnet was in the next room, and Sir Henry Brackenbury thought it would be advisable to consult him on the subject. Sir Garnet, however, happened to be too busy at the moment to see anybody, and Sir Henry after reflection persuaded his angry visitor to take his leave and allow the hanging to stand over for the time.

Old Gooseberry For New Ships.

It may be ungenerous to dispel a popular delusion, but there is no one among the thousands who witness a ship launch who does not believe that the beautifully garlanded bottle of wine broken against the stem of a ship is anything but the choicest brand of champagne drawn from the admiral's cellar. Whenever a ship is launched in a dockyard, the admiralty generously allow £40 as the cost of the jubilation, and included in this sum of £40 is the item of 3 shillings for wine. Hence it follows that not only is the wine not drawn from the admiral's cellar, but it certainly is not champagne of foreign vintage.—English Navy and Military Record.

Flower Gardens of the Sea.

The sea has its flower gardens, but the blooms are not on plants as they are on the land. It is the animals of the sea that make the gardens, the corals of the tropical waters particularly making a display of floral beauty that fairly rivals the gorgeous coloring and delicate grace presented by land flowers. So closely do they resemble plant blooms that it is hard to believe that they are wholly animal in organization. Dr. Blackford says that among the coral gardens there are fishes of curious forms and flashing colors darting about, just as the birds and butterflies dart about plant gardens on land.—Chicago Chronicle.

Of three wires of the same thickness one made of gold will sustain 150 pounds, one made of copper 302 pounds, one of iron 549 pounds.

The purest Chinese is spoken at Nanlin and is called "the language of the mandarins."

Testing the Schoolmaster.

In the town records of the city of Boston there is a curious passage which records how a schoolmaster was examined and what happened. The manner in which the visit of inspection is recorded makes one incline to the view that the unlucky schoolmaster may not have had fair play, although if he was really inefficient he may be said to have been judged by his peers.

In the record for the 22d of May, 1722, it is set forth that:

"Coll Pen Townsend, Jeremiah Allen Esqr, & John Edwards together with the Select men, Vissitted the wrighting School at the Southerly End of Boston on Thirsday the 24th apll 1722. and Examined the Scholars under mr Ames Angers tuition as to their proficiency in Reading writing Scyphering & the masters ability of teaching & Instructing youth his rules & methods therefore And are of Opinion That it will be no Service to the Town to Continue, mr anger in that Employ."

Whereupon it was voted that the said Mr. Ames Anger should not continue master of the "Said South school."

It is true that nothing is said of the methods of spelling inculcated at the "wrighting School," and it is also possible that a clerk rather than the committee was responsible for the errors of the record, but there is certainly something absurd in the passage as it stands.

Maddened by Solitude.

The Canadian northwest is a probationary haven for wealthy young Englishmen of nomadic instincts. Numbers of them annually purchase hunting and camping outfits from the Hudson Bay company and strike into the barren lands to prospect for minerals or take up land on the prairies. But most often they return to the civilization of the towns with nothing but hard words for the wilderness.

The construction of the Temiscaming railroad induced the younger son of one wealthy English family to take a trip into that outlandish district. He returned to Ottawa a disappointed man. "It's the most desolate country you can imagine," he said to his friends. "I have been out prospecting sometimes for a whole day without seeing a sign of animal life. Once the only living thing I came across was a bird, and it was so disgusted that it was trying to knock its brains out against a tree."

He had seen a woodpecker.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Delicacies Out of Season.

Old Moneybags was tired of hearing all this stuff and nonsense about the poor. Some one had called his attention to his own way of living, with delicacies out of season on his groaning table and—

"Delicacies out of season!" he thundered. "What if I do get to use ice in the summer time? Don't the poor get to use it in the winter, when it's fresh, and I have to put up with the cold storage stuff? B-r-r-r-r!"—Indianapolis Press.

Not For His Health.

Hubbubs—Why are you moving from your suburban home?

Subbubs—I am all run down.

Hubbubs—Malaria?

Subbubs—No; gossipy neighbors.—Philadelphia Record.

The Victims.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "gits de reputation of bein patient when de troof is dat dey's too indolent to stan' up foh whut dey is entitled to."—Washington Star.

HIS DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

A Pompous Reception That Amused President Grevy.

M. Severiaro de Heredia, the minister of public works in the Rouvier cabinet during the presidency of M. Grevy, belonged to the famous naturalized Cuban family, of which another member, the Comte de Heredia, is one of the immortal 40 of the French academy. Most of the family have dark spins, suspiciously mulatto, and other negro characteristics. This has, however, in nowise interfered with their standing in Paris, where several of the family have long been prominent. The former minister had also been president of the municipal council of Paris and a deputy from a Paris arrondissement.

His dark skin led to a curious mistake at the Elysee the day after he had been appointed a member of the Rouvier cabinet. According to immemorial custom the new ministers called singly on President Grevy to pay their respects. On the same day, as it happened, an official visit was expected from the president of the republic of Haiti, who was to present his letters to the president. When M. de Heredia arrived in the court of the palace, the minor officials stationed there, who were not familiar with the new minister's features, judged from his complexion that he was the Haitian dignitary. The courtyard became very animated with guards hurrying to and fro to their places, while one of the officers of the president's military household went to inform M. Grevy of the distinguished visitor's arrival.

M. de Heredia received all this with dignified composure, for, never having been a minister before this, he thought this ceremonial was probably the usual one. Finally, with the beating of drums, he was ushered into the reception room, where the chief executive stood ready to receive him. "What," cried he, "it's only you, Heredia!" "Why, yes, M. le President," replied the puzzled minister. Grevy began to laugh. "Well," he cried, "you have been minister only 24 hours and have succeeded in turning my house upside down. What will you do later on?"

The Song of the Grouse.

Certain birds when the period of courtship comes round repair to particular trysting places and announce their presence there by well known calls or signals.

The ruffed grouse, as every one knows, seeks an old log or other convenient perch and drums with his wings, a hint to any lady grouse within hearing that "Barkis is willin."

The performance of the grouse is one frequently heard, but comparatively seldom seen, and for many years there were numerous conflicting theories concerning the means by which the drumming was produced. Some said that the sound was vocal, and others declared that the grouse struck the log with its wings. Even today the precise cause of the sound is not known, for, although the bird has been closely watched, its wing movements are so rapid that it is next to impossible to tell exactly what takes place. This much, however, is known: During the performance the grouse stands upon the leg or other perch and strikes the air in front of his body somewhat after the manner of an elated barnyard cock. The first few strokes are measured, but they become faster and faster until the individual thumps are lost, as in the rolling of a drum. Whether the sound is due entirely to beating of the air or whether it is increased by the striking together of the wing tips is a question yet to be settled.—Hartford Times.

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House Broker,

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

TOWN NEWS.

The Board of Supervisors meets Monday.

The saloon at the Union Hotel has been closed.

Pat Ferriter has put in sewer connection at his Grand Hotel.

Frank Miner has the sewer completed on Cypress avenue to Juniper.

Deputy R. J. Carroll is busy making assessments in this township.

Peter Koegan has purchased the Goggin home on Grand avenue.

Kauffman has a big stock of boots and shoes for sale at city prices.

Assistant Postmaster C. E. Crocker took a holiday vacation on Memorial Day.

A. Kluegel has been engaged in plumbing work in this town the past week.

Charley Johnson is finishing up the interior carpenter work on the Vestey building.

Senator Healy has the McGrath building on San Bruno road nearly completed.

Tom Connelly has had some artistic lettering done in the windows of his Bank Saloon.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter has a force of men at work repairing the San Bruno road.

The election for school trustee in this district will be held at the school house next Friday.

W. F. Bailey has finished the painting at the Frost building and is finishing up the same work at the Vestey flat.

Mrs. P. J. Gleason arrived from Iowa on the 26th inst. to join her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason will make their home here.

A. J. Nourse has rented one of the flats in the Hansbrough block and will occupy the same with his family the 1st of next week.

Mr. James Goggin has bought a cottage and lot in San Francisco near Thirtieth street, and will remove to the city next week.

The pound law works like magic, where it has an officer who will enforce it. Loose cattle are no longer found running at large in our streets.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

Mrs. Stiller left on Tuesday to join her husband, Mr. John Stiller, at Bouldin Island, where Mr. Stiller is employed and where the family will make their home.

Mrs. Cohen has just received at the People's Store another great big stock of fresh spring goods. You can't help being pleased both with goods and prices at the People's Store.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vandenbos, with the baby, paid a three-days' visit to the paternal home the past week. Jack is looking fine and doing well and Mrs. Jack is happy and handsome as ever.

We seldom mention the matter of paying for the paper to our readers. Many do not need the reminder, but there are others, and to those we respectfully suggest that by paying up they will feel better, and by so doing, will enable us to do better.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

The $80,000 stone fence about the Crocker premises in Highland Park is nearing completion. When completed there will have been constructed a wall nearly six miles in length. It is of San Jose sandstone, five feet high and two feet thick.—Peninsula Pennant.

On Thursday last, about 5 o'clock p. m., death terminated the suffering of Tommy, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Val Dervin. The funeral, which was an unusually large one, took place from the Dervin residence on Saturday at 1:30 p. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

FOUND A WHALE.

John Soberanes and his crew of fishermen made a big haul last Monday, while cruising off Pilar Point, in their fishing craft they sighted a dead whale floating in the waves. They lost no time getting a line about the defunct cetacean and towing it to shore. The monster proved to be of the humpback variety and measured about forty-five feet in length. There was no harpoon in it, neither any marks of violence that might cause death. It had evidently collided with some heavy object or else been killed by thrashers. A large number of people from town went up to view the big denizen of the deep as it lay on the beach, and Wednesday Mr. Soberanes and his companions commenced the work of stripping off the blubber and converting it into oil, of which they expect to secure fifteen or twenty barrels.—Peninsula Pennant.

THE SCHOOL.

Examinations for promotion in the Seventh and Eighth grades take place next week. No pupils will try the diploma examinations.

Thursday being a holiday, there will be no school, but school will be held Friday, as usual.

WAYSIDE NOTES FROM SAN BRUNO ROAD.

The pass-word at The Real Thing the past week has been, "there's something doing," and it would invariably bring a crowd in its wake.

This county is receiving some attention from oil circles after a long lull that seemed for a time to be the demise of oil prospecting in this part of the State. The South San Francisco Oil Company will soon have a rig with which preparatory work will be done. It seems that San Mateo county will soon be in position to call itself an oil county; for it is a sure thing that development is the only thing necessary. San Mateo county would take first place where transportation is taken into consideration, and has all other first-class natural facilities. Just think what the production of oil would mean to the county and its citizens! Land that now is valueless for even sheep pasture would sell for hundreds and perhaps several thousand dollars per acre. The plan of the local company recently organized is one to be very much commended and should be supported by every one.

A stranger in the shape of a puppy arrived at the San Bruno road wharf the other day and was immediately taken up by a number of young bloods at the wharf. The question arose as to who owned the pup. They hit upon an early expedient. The one which would tell the biggest lie wins the dog. Just then Smith came along and asked: "What are you fellows doing with that puppy?" One young blood said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said Smith, "I am surprised at you, boys, for when I was like you, I never told lies." There was silence for a while until one of the bloods shouted: "Hand the dog to Mr. Smith of the San Bruno wharf."

With nature's weapons they strive for mastery. The San Bruno road, the scene of a bloodless battle between two Portuguese. Two Portuguese, whose names would take up this column, and therefore will be omitted, engaged in a pugilistic encounter this morning near the XL Dairy. For convenience one may be known as Smith, and the other, Jones. Jones was the larger of the two, Smith weighing about 135 pounds. In fighting trim, Jones weighs 256 pounds, 1 ounce and two-thirds. The mill began about 2 o'clock in the morning. There were six seconds, three for each combatant. No audience was present to encourage the belligerents and they went at it very slowly. Each sparred for an opening; although were wide open to attack at all stages of the game, either one failed to take advantage. The battle wore on until about half past six. At half-past six an audience appeared in the shape of four red men, three gentlemen, two ladies, one Japanese and a colored gentleman. The gentlemen began to urge the "what-is-it" on. They encouraged first one and then the other. Sympathy seemed to be monopolized at first by Smith, because he is smaller than Jones. He was advised by the gentlemen how to proceed and bowl his heavy antagonist over, as if he were a common ten-pin. And after a great deal of urging the "what-is-it" mixed things up a bit. Just about half past-six the San Bruno scribe hove in sight, and will describe the battle as he saw it. Smith rushed, but did not get near enough to Jones to make a pass. Smith rushed again, this time his left passed over Jones' shoulder. Jones let drive a right across that landed on Smith's jaw. Smith immediately made a very close and intimate acquaintance with mother earth. When he arose he was covered with dust and looked as if he had been hit with a rotten tomato. Smith was groggy and played for wind and Jones failed to follow up his advantage. Later on Jones again floored Smith with one of "Kid McCoy's" double-corkscrew swings, which apparently caused no injury. Smith now pulled something out of the advice he had received, and turned his knuckle battery against Jones. He was unable to hurt Jones, but took to "Pompadour Jim's" tactics and kept him stumbling over his own feet. Every time Smith rushed, Jones would trip himself over his brogans, which were not of small size, and measure in his length on the dusty road. The battle wore on and neither seemed to have any advantage. The two ladies, the Jap and the colored gentleman, thinking the scrap too tame, moved away. It was drawing close upon the noon hour and something must soon be doing or go without dinner. Suddenly the time bell rang, but it was only a cowbell, and the combatants separated.

Saturday, May 25th, at 1 a. m., Schnitser hove in sight at the shell-mound, opposite the Sierra Point House, and immediately began to whoop. No doubt it flashed through his mind how his forefathers had held carnivals galore and feasts until they built up a mound of clam shells as high as a two-story modern brick building. Therefore, he whooped, and well he may. He was journeying along the primrose path that leads from South San Francisco, San Mateo county, to the Mission brew. After passing the shell-mound he became very noisy and obstreperous and imagined he was a Comanche Indian or the Grand Sachem on the warpath. He uttered whoops that startled the quiet neighborhood and would have drawn the attention of Newman to a snipe five miles away. On the way Frank howled like a demon and well deserves a little tar on his head and a few feathers in his gear.

One hundred and eight men is the working force at the San Bruno quarry at the present time.

Mrs. W. R. Markt left last Monday morning for an extended tour of Canada, her native land. Mrs. Markt expects to be absent about six months and has been preparing for this journey with pleasure for many months. During her absence she will visit her parents at Galt, Canada, a married sister in Montreal, two married sisters in Buffalo, N. Y., and will probably see a great deal of the Pan-American Exposition. Mr. Markt wishes her a pleasant journey and a safe return.

The San Bruno scribe has been trying to shake a peculiar feeling off himself since last Saturday evening. He is under the immediate impression that he was mixed up in a rough house and was not trying to collect 35c in Texas style, either.

FOR RENT.

House of five rooms with a large barn, large chicken house, and all fenced, with water. Will rent land with premises if desired. Very good for chicken ranch. Inquire of John Mangini, 16-Mile House, near Millbrae.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

Prompt Justice.

In the "History of Beverly," Mass., the following anecdote is related of a good justice of the peace in the old colonial times. On a cold night in winter a traveler called at his house for lodging. The ready hospitality of the justice was about being displayed, when the traveler unluckily uttered a word which his host considered profane.

Upon this he informed his guest that he was a magistrate, pointed out the nature of the offense and explained the necessity of its being expiated by sitting an hour in the stocks.

Remonstrance was unavailing, for custom at that time allowed the magistrate to convict and punish at once, and in this case he acted as accuser, witness, jury, judge and sheriff, all in one.

Cold as it was our worthy justice, aided by his son, conducted the traveler to the place of punishment, an open place near the meeting house where the stocks were placed. Here the traveler was confined in the usual manner, the benevolent executor of the law remaining with him to beguile the time of its tedium by edifying conversation.

At the expiration of the hour he was reconducted to the house and hospitably entertained till the next morning, when the traveler departed with, let us hope, a determination to consider his words more carefully before giving them utterance in the hearing of a conscientious magistrate.

Laughter.

Laughter is a positive sweetness of life; but, like good coffee, it should be well cleared of deleterious substance before use. Ill will and malice and the desire to wound are worse than chicory. Between a laugh and a giggle there is the width of the horizons. I could sit all day and listen to the hearty and heartsome ha, ha, of a lot of bright and jolly people, but would rather be shot than be forced to stay within earshot of a couple of silly gossips. Cultivate that part of your nature that is quick to see the mirthful side of things, so you shall be enabled to shed many of life's troubles, as the plumage of the bird sheds the rain. But discourage all tendencies to seek your amusement at the expense of another's feelings or in aught that is impure. It was Goethe who said, "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will read you his character."

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE — Market shows easy but steady prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS—Hogs are dull at declining prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₰ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE — No. 1 Fat Steers, 9c; 2d quality, 8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 7c; thin Cows, 5@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6¼@6⅜; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½@5¾c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4½c; Ewes, 3½@4c, shorn, ½ less. Suckling Lambs, $2.50@3 per head; or 4½@4¾c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½c; second quality, 7@7½c; first quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5½c.

VEAL—Large, 7@8c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8c; Ewes, 6½@7½c; Suckling Lambs, 8@9c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9¼@9¾c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13c; picnic hams, 10½c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10½c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12½c; clear light, bacon, 13½c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $12.25; do, hf-bbl, $6.37½; Family Beef, bbl, $12.00; hf-bbl, $6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, $12.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.25.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11¼c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.50; hf-bbls., $11.50, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.75; do, kits; $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ₰ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	7	7¼	7¼	7⅜	7¾	7⅞
Cal. pure	10	10¼	10¼	10⅜	10¾	10⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.50; 1s $1.40; Roast Beef, 2s $2.50; 1s, $1.40.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

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Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

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Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

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Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

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C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

DREAM MEMORIES.

I could not catch my dream, it was so fleet;
Only a fragment, yet enough to know
That there are times when earth and heaven meet;
Moments when all of heaven seems below.
O golden sunset of the vanished years,
O radiant flashes of the coming dawn,
Ye show us oft, through mist of blinding tears,
The light that beams a little further on.

I could not hold my dream; it was so large
It crowded all my present cares away,
My heart was like a heavy-laden barge
Freighted with bliss, with joys that might not stay;
I tried in vain to span, to catch, to clasp
That overflowing rapture of delight,
But, visionlike, it floated from my grasp
And left me in the darkness of the night.

I cannot paint my dream; it was so bright,
So fraught with dazzling radiance to me
It threw a glamour o'er my 'wildered sight
And left me blinded by my ecstasy.
My longing soul essayed in vain to soar
Beyond the shining path of sun and stars.
But all too soon she languished as before,
Panting and worn, behind her prison bars.

I cannot tell my dream; it was so sweet;
And yet 'twas such as many hearts have known;
Woven with tender memories, replete
With words of love, dropped in the years agone.
A fond caress—a dear, familiar tone;
A gentle whisper and a low reply;
It was but these, yet are not these alone
The all of love and life that never die?
—Chicago Post.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

IT was all Tom's confounded shyness. Tom and I are twins, and as physically alike as two men can be. Mentally, we differ widely. Tom, as I have hinted, is painfully shy—shy, indeed, to the verge of morbidness. I am, on the whole, best described as "pushful."

After we had spent some uneventful years in the One Hundred and Ninety-ninth, we went campaigning in Burma. Tom so far overcame his shyness as to slay three dacoits single-handed, without even being introduced to them, and incidentally rescued Sergt. O'Finnigan from a certain death. Indeed, as O'Finnigan said: "In another moment Oi shud ha' been left lamentin' my own corpse, but for the capt'n, Lord presarve 'um." This earned Tom the V. C., and the papers made much of him.

Not that Tom encouraged interviewers. He winged the representative of the Mandalay Free Press, and chased the Rangoon Times man into a reservoir. Even we, his brother officers, congratulated him cautiously, armed with polo sticks.

Burma is not the healthiest of climes, and when the dacoits had ceased dacoiting, Tom and I went home on leave with considerable less hair and perhaps a little more sense than when we first went out, two very callow subalterns, I am afraid, though, in our own estimation, we were accomplished men of the world. We were breakfasting in the dear, dirty gloom of a London hotel, when Tom groaned aloud and gazed blankly at a letter he had just opened. "What's up?" I asked, taking a gulp at what we Englishmen facetiously term coffee.

"Read that," he replied, in his usual laconic way.

"That" was a request from the mayor and corporation of Westchester that Capt. Thomas Cason, V. C., would be pleased to visit them in order to receive the freedom of the city. A luncheon and a ball appeared to form part of the program also. Tom and I were born at Westchester, but as we left there for good at the mature age of 2, the invitation was as unexpected as it was flattering.

"Well," I said, "that's all right—spoils of war—lucky man, you know."

"Shut up," replied Tom, "what am I to say?"

"Say?" I echoed. "Why, say you're highly honored, much pleasure, etc., of course."

"But I'm not going," said Tom. "Pitch me a good lie to tell them, Jack."

This reliance on my imaginative powers was not altogether complimentary, and I said so, further adjuring Tom with fraternal candor, not to be a silly ass.

"But I can't go," he said, helplessly; "there'd be brass bands, and speeches, and women—no, I'm blessed if I'm going." "And I'm blessed if you shan't," I returned firmly; "the credit of the regiment and the family demands it, and go you shall."

I may interpolate that the family credit was rather fictitious, as we were orphans, and had neither kith nor kin. I marched him off to the smoking-room, and reasoned with the authority of an elder brother—I was a minute or two ahead of Tom in entering this queer old world. As he remained obdurate, I clinched the matter by writing an acceptance of the mayoral invitation.

I had to watch Tom pretty closely for the next few days, lest he should write or wire a retraction, but at last I got him safely into the Westchester train. We were in mufti, for Tom had jibed at uniform, and I had not considered it advisable to press him too hard. It was an uncomfortable journey. Tom was as cross as the proverbial bear, refused absolutely to learn the neat little speech I had prepared for him, and sat glowering in a corner, cursing me at intervals. If I hadn't been pretty sharp I verily believe he would have slipped me at Rushden, the only stop before Westchester; as it was the tail of his coat and my new Lincoln and Bennett suffered badly.

Soon we were slowing into Westchester. There were flags hanging out of windows and small children sitting on fences, yelling shrilly as we passed.

As we ran along the platform, I got up to take my umbrella from the rack. When I turned round again I nearly dropped. Tom was on the "off" footboard, away from the platform.

"Jack," he cried, "I can't do it—you must."

"Must what?" I gasped, wondering if my brother had gone mad.

"Face them—go through with it; they won't know you from me. If you don't, I swear I'll bolt." The bowing station master, cap in hand, opened the door. I caught a confused glimpse of red baize, civic robes and nodding bonnets; then I stepped forth, and the good Westchestrians gave evidence that their lungs were in full working order.

But whatever self-possession I had vanished to the four winds when the prettiest girl in the world stepped forward and blushingly presented me with a magnificent bouquet in the name of the ladies of Westchester. I looked into the sweetest pair of eyes I had ever seen, and my impudence and my courage took refuge in my boots. No one could have played the part of the nervous, modest hero better than I, as I stammered some incoherent words of thanks.

We drove through cheering crowds to the town hall, where I received the freedom of the city, and where, but for an admonitory nudge from Tom—I paid him back with a well-directed hack on the shins, as we were going out—I would have signed the freeman's roll as "Jack Cason."

Then we went in to luncheon. The lady of the flowers sat beside me; she was the mayor's motherless daughter. One is apt to imagine that provincial mayors are necessarily successful tradesmen. This one was not. He was a polished gentleman, and the head of a world-known engineering firm. To be smiled upon and shyly worshipped by an adorable girl is bad enough when you have done something to deserve it; but when you have done nothing, and are, in addition, a contemptible fraud, it is too embarrassing for words. However, after a glass or two of champagne, I pulled myself together and did my best to be agreeable, though ever and again I would halt in the middle of a sentence, and look for the writing on the wall.

The end of the week found us still lingering in Westchester, and myself at once the happiest and most miserable of men. I felt sure that Enid returned my love, but how much was for myself and how much for the V. C., I could not determine. We practically lived at Highfield, the mayor's place, but I would not stay there, though we were warmly pressed to do so. It is such a nuisance to have your bag thrown after you when you have been ignominiously kicked out of a house, and that would be my fate sooner or later I felt sure. A hundred times a day I vowed to tell her all, and a hundred times a day I funked it when it came to the point. Tom was far too busy with his own affairs to bother about mine, and I grew moody and desperate.

At last, one morning, after we had been dining at Highfield, and Enid had been more bewitching than ever, I felt that I could stand it no longer, and set off for the house, determined to make full confession before leaving Westchester, a broken and despairing man. I had informed Tom of my intention at breakfast, and the wretch had only laughed at me when I told him that he had ruined my life. I was never so near being downright angry with him before.

I was half way up the avenue when I met Enid coming down. To my mind a pretty girl never looks so pretty as in furs on a frosty morning, when the keen air has deepened the carmine of her cheeks and the sparkle of the snow and crystals is reflected in her eyes. Almost unconsciously I led her to a friendly seat, took her hand, and floundered through my mingled tale of love and humiliation.

"And so you see, darling," I concluded, "I am not Tom Cason, V. C., but Jack—an unmitigated fraud, and not worthy to speak to you."

"I knew that last night," she said, regarding me gravely, though laughter lurked in her eyes.

"The deuce you did!" I cried, startled into forgetfulness of the proprieties. "Who told you so?"

"Jack—that is—Tom, I suppose I should say," she replied.

"And—and—and?" I queried, breathlessly.

"And I think it was disgraceful of you to win a poor girl's heart under false pretenses."

"Then you——"

"Perhaps I do, sir, but I made up my mind when I was a little girl that I would marry a V. C., or no one at all."

"Oh!" I said, lamely, my temporary hopes dashed to the ground.

Enid looked at my forlorn face, then burst out laughing, and handed me an envelope, saying: "There, you silly boy, read that!"

I read it in dumb amazement. It was an official letter. Oh, Tom, Tom, and you told me there were no letters for me the previous morning! And it informed me that in recognition of certain services, which I need not specify, her majesty had been graciously pleased to confer on me the Victorian cross, a notification of which would appear in due course in the London Gazette.

* * * * * * *

I am as assured of my wife's affection as I am of anything in this world; but I sometimes wonder what would have happened had not that most undeserved V. C. arrived so opportunely.—Mainly About People.

JAPAN IN WINTER.

Colder in Houses of the Rich Man than in Open Sunshine.

"I suppose that the American people and the Russians are the only Western races that really keep warm in winter; still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it. The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old 'Bushido' (chivalrous) idea of the 'samurai' (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold, and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra 'kimonos' and the use of a 'hibachi' or brazier, in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal, are the only concessions to winter weather. With the 'hibachi' [redacted] always paddling through the mud. The storekeepers sit out in their open booths, and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich, the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is stirring. The schools and public buildings are equally frigid. It seemed to me that the only warm things in Japan were the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly-colored crepe, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mothers' backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a 'modern improvement,' though it goes with Western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done; and this is merely one of a hundred exmaples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life, and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes, by the ideas adopted from the West."—Ainslee's.

BAD MANNERS.

One Cause of Our National Trait Is Due to a Lack of Reverence.

Ada C. Sweet, in the Woman's Home Companion, writing of what she says is the national fault of our girls, says:

"It is painful to enlarge upon the lack of reverence, which is the second great cause of our national trait of bad manners. Every one should strive to make up in mature life for the irreverence which has marred childhood and youth. A fine character is impossible without great ideals, without awe for what is majestic, respect for human achievements, reverence for all good, human or divine. The boy who calls the President of the United States by a nickname, or the girl who writes to him familiarly asking for his autograph or photograph are to be pitied. They have not yet learned even respect for a great station conferred by the suffrage of a mighty people. They look down and nod at the President. The flies patronize the lion.

"The great German Goethe, in the greatest passage in all his novels, teaches that there are three reverences to be learned: First, reverence for what is above us; for God, and for all those who show His power and truth. Second, reverence for those on a level with us, as each human soul is a particle of Divinity. Third, and greatest of all, reverence for all below us, especially those in poverty, suffering and humiliation. This last lesson Goethe pointed out to us as made clear and illustrated by the life of the Founder of Christianity. Cultivate reverence for all that is good, true and beautiful, for the human soul in its greatness and in its weakness. You may believe at first that no one is more wise than you, nor better. Smother that belief for a while and defer to others. Study the best that is in the people around you. Think more of them and less of yourself. Try to make them comfortable and happy in all little ways. At heart cherish high and unselfish ideals. If the mass of ambitious American girls would do this for a while the manners of Americans would improve, for it is always, in civilized lands, the women who set the standard of manners."

Queer Idea of Chivalry.

In India, where women have always been drudges, the deference paid by Englishmen to ladies is always a matter of curious interest. An educated Mahommedan gentleman was talking to an old resident of the Punjaub, who has written on the subject. Said the Mahommedan: "Now that the Queen is dead, will you Englishmen take off your hats to ladies?" When told certainly this would be done and asked why he made the inquiry, he said: "We thought you used to take off your hats to ladies because a lady was the ruler of the country."

There must be some mistake about death loving a shining mark, otherwise there would be fewer bootblacks in business.

Bear and forbear is good philosophy, but chew and eschew is still better for the dyspeptic.

OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.



THE FIRST HOMESTEAD.

Dr. Daniel Freeman, Who Made the First Entry, Is Still Living.

Great movements may sometimes be so close to us, may pass, in fact, so near to the eye, that their size and significance are possibly quite unappreciated. This is certainly the case with the settlement of this country, which has progressed, during the past thirty-five years, at a rate more rapid than ever before in its history. We are accustomed to relegate the age of American settlement to the eighteenth century and the first few years of the nineteenth, but the past thirty-five years have seen such a drift of settlers to the public lands of the country as is not only unequaled in our national annals, but is not surpassed in the history of the world. And yet, so recent is the movement under the homestead law that the first settler to enter a claim under this memorable act is still living on the property then acquired; a hale, hearty, vigorous old man.



DR. FREEMAN.

This leader of the long procession of homesteaders is Dr. Daniel Freeman, and, five miles west of Beatrice, on Cub Creek, in Gage County, Neb., is located the first homestead which was entered under the act.

The homestead act was approved May 20, 1862. The law was to go into effect Jan. 1, 1863. Dr. Freeman was then connected with the United States army, but with an eye to the future he had acquired "a squatter's right" to a tract of land in Gage County. "A squatter's right" was established by making well-understood improvements, such as the building of a house, fencing and breaking up of a certain amount of land for farming purposes. Dr. Freeman's improvements consisted of a log cabin and a stable; he had plowed twenty acres and fenced a considerable area. Under the laws of the territory his claim was perfectly valid, but, as it lay within the public domain of the United States, it was necessary for him, when the homestead act was passed, to enter his property under that law.

The land office was then at Brownsville, Neb., seventy-five miles east of Dr. Freeman's holding, and being under orders to report at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., as soon as possible, he left his property two or three days before the end of the year and went to Brownsville to locate his claim. He arrived there on the last day of 1862, registered at the tavern, where he observed preparations for a New Year's Eve ball. He went to the ball, and in the course of the evening made the acquaintance of the clerk of the land office, who told him that on the following day the office would not be open, it being a legal holiday. Freeman represented the urgency of his case and the necessity he was under of going at once to Fort Leavenworth, and begged, as a special favor, that his claim be registered. The clerk interested himself in Freeman's case, hunted up the registrar, and at midnight the latter opened his office and issued Dr. Freeman's patent at 12:05 on the morning of Jan. 1, 1863. Hundreds upon thousands of claims have been located since; millions upon millions of public lands have been taken up by homesteaders; States and territories have been created out of the public property; the wave of civilization has swept hundreds of miles to the west of Cub Creek, and all in half the lifetime of one man.

The public lands of the United States are divided into several classes, as desert, arid, mineral and agricultural, but the land open to homestead entry into two—one, the first class, which is sold by the government at $1.25 per acre as the minimum price, may be located anywhere in the public domain; the second class, however, consists of the alternate sections of land received by the government along the lines of railroads, and which sell for $2.50 per acre, or double the price of the former. Any citizen of the United States, any soldier or sailor, may become a homesteader. It is not even necessary to take out the full or final naturalization papers, for upon declaration of intention to become a citizen the government will allow a homestead claim to be entered. This concession is important, and is recognized as in some degree necessary, for every year many immigrants come from Europe to this country with means enough to take up a claim, but not sufficient to carry them



THE FIRST HOMESTEAD.

during the term of probation ere they become citizens in the fullest sense of the word. To soldiers and sailors land warrants were issued enabling them to take up a quarter section, or 160 acres of land. Under the pre-emption act a man who had already settled upon the public land was regarded as entitled to a prior claim, save when Indian lands were open to settlement, and legislation passed after the homestead act recognizes also a timber claim, by which the planting of a certain number of acres of trees entitles the planter to an additional area. In fact, the government, so far from making money out of its lands, has recognized its duty to provide for actual settlers by practically giving them the land, and any homesteader who occupies and cultivates his land for five years obtains it at a nominal figure.

The public domain is estimated by the General Land Office as originally containing 1,835,017,692 acres. The origin of this enormous body of land is this: From State cessions, Western reserves, came 258,504,129 acres; by purchase from France of Louisiana, April 30, 1803, 750,686,855 acres; by acquisition from Spain in Florida, 35,264,500 acres; by the Mexican cession, in the treaty of 1848, Feb. 2, 329,623,255 acres; the Texas purchase amounted to 62,266,953 acres, which, however, was retained by the State; the Gadsden purchase from Mexico was 29,142,400 acres, and the Alaskan purchase from Russia amounted to 369,529,600 acres. Various cessions were made by the original States of larger or smaller amounts, and the aggregates of all these State cessions, combined with the purchase, constitute the sum total already given.

Of that portion of the public domain which has already passed from the hands of the government appropriations have been made in several classes. The cash sales made under various laws, from time to time, cover 214,414,395 acres; homesteaders have taken up 102,280,228 acres; the entries under the timber-culture laws, by which a homesteader or other settler planting five acres of timber could lay claim to a much larger tract, cover 16,118,228 acres; the patents issued to soldiers and sailors, 60,252,790 acres; the scrip locations amount to 3,008,516 acres; 560,780 acres have been allotted in severalty to the Indians, while, from time to time, the government has donated to private individuals, 3,006,128 acres, and the grants for railroads, wagon roads and the like aggregate 106,584,898 acres. The government has not withheld its hand in donating land to States, but at one time or another has given to States land located within their boundaries, the aggregate of these grants amounting to 165,476,402 acres.

That the homesteader is still abroad in the land is evident. The long procession which Dr. Freeman headed has not yet halted, but still moves on, and its march will probably continue until the last available acre of public land has been handed over by the government for the use of its citizens.

Howells' Advice to Writers.

One day, at Lakewood, while sitting at a little table in the big Rotunda hall, drinking afternoon tea, I met W. D. Howells and had a delightful conversation with him. After knowing the personality of this famous author one enjoys his writing ten times more—he is so magnetic and his conversation so interesting and "breezy." "Yes," he said, "I always advise any one who has an inclination for it to try to write. One shouldn't expect to have the first things one does published, but one must keep on trying. It is an excellent plan to set down something one has seen in every-day life, and try to get a story out of it. Indeed, it's the best way to practice.

"Writing is mostly drudgery," he continued. "I have to force myself to go into my library to work, and I find myself putting off the hour as long as possible."

"But when you once sit down?" I ventured.

"Even then it's hard work for a while until I get into the swing. Let no one imagine the muse comes without a summons and without a good deal of urging! At least she never does to me!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Curiosity Among Epitaphs.

A collector of curious epitaphs has found this one:

Here lies a man who was Knott born;
His father was Knott before him;
He lived Knott and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie;
Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And here he lies,
And yet was Knott.

Telegraph Office at Nazareth.

Nazareth has now its telegraph office, where an Armenian operator, in ordinary European dress, keeps the village community in touch with the great world.

An optimist says that pessimism is the faith of cowards.

Help for Women

Who Are Always Tired.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time.

Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings,



MRS. ELLA RICE.

all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women.

Understood at Last.

"Hello, Central. Give me one triple nought South."

"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero South."

"Wh-a-t?"

"South one double nought, nought."

"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand South — ten hundred South. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean South one ought, double ought. All right."—Chicago Tribune.

The fascination of flash-light photography is greatly enhanced by one of the new electric flash-lamps. Costs $1.50. At all dealers, or Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.



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When the muscles feel drawn and tied up and the flesh tender, that tension is

Soreness and Stiffness

from cold or over exercise. It lasts but a short time after

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is applied. The cure is prompt and sure.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO SUDDENLY

injures nervous system to do so. **BACO-CURO** is the only cure that **really cures** and notifies you when to stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. **BACO-CURO** is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands, it will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid, $1 a box; boxes $2.50. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

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OLD TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

Historic Inclosure Where the Dust of Men of Deeds Commingles.

In Trinity churchyard every atom of earth is sacred, says a writer in the New York Vigilant. Within the familiar enclosure lie entombed the remains of 150,000 of the people of old New York. Three deep are the graves. The early records are gone, but tradition, history and ancient stones still tell their stories of men of deeds—of sacrifices, sorrows, labors and achievements. There, under the shadow of God's temple, mother earth has opened her bosom with strict impartiality to English governors and signers of the Declaration, to royalist soldiers and Liberty Boys, to the English garrison and to the starved martyrs of the Revolution. Judges and generals, ministers and merchants, mariners and artisans, the rich and renowned, the poor and humble, all lie here, their bones dissolved, their dust mingled, forming together one great memorial and one concentrated history of the origin and growth of the American metropolis.

The colonial governors, Sir Henry Moore and Sir Danvers Osborne, were buried here; also the wives of Governors Clarke and Cornbury. Each of these representatives of foreign government resided in the fort, south of Bowling Green.

Here are also the royalist judges, James Delancy, who presided at the trial of Peter Zenger, and Daniel Horsmanden, who though devoted to the maintaining of the prerogatives of the crown, withstood Gov. Colden's arbitrary acts; and David Jamieson, attorney general of the province and recorder of the city of New York; Robert R. Livingston and Leonard Lispenard, members of the stamp act congress, and John Cruger, delegate to that congress, and the first native-born mayor of New York. Judges, delegates and mayors all performed their work in the city hall on the site of the treasury building.

And here lie Gen. John Lamb and Gen. John M. Scott, and Gen. Marinus Willett, boldest of Liberty Boys, whose voices were heard with Hamilton's in the great meetings of the people on the Commons, then called the Field of Freedom, now the City Hall Park; also John Holt, the patriot printer of the Gazette and Post Boy.

FIFTY YEARS OLD.

Fifty years ago Mrs. Bloomer had her picture taken in the short skirt and Turkish trousers which have rendered her immortal. At that time she was publishing a dress reform journal called the Lily, in one number of which the picture which is here reproduced appeared as a frontispiece. The magazine contained a number of articles by prominent physicians indorsing the new style of dress as more sensible



MRS. BLOOMER.

and hygienic than the long and trailing skirts then worn.

What Mrs. Bloomer was not able to accomplish the bicycle brought about, and she at least had the satisfaction of seeing her name become generally adopted as a title for the costume which she invented and advocated. There is now a movement on foot among the admirers and followers of Mrs. Bloomer abroad, principally in Germany and England, to celebrate the semi-centennial of the "bloomer" in some fitting manner. One of the suggestions is that money be raised for a bronze statue of the inventor attired in her original costume, as she appears in the accompanying picture.

The Family Library.

The library is now within the reach of all classes. Competition between the publishers and the multiplicity of authors has forever banished the day when a small volume was a luxury, and the book-stalls have placed treasures of literature where the poor may reach them. The poor in purse may become the rich in spirit. Books are so cheap that they often materialize in the hands of those who love them; and sometimes the possessor hardly knows how or whence they came. So the library has not only become a feature of the home, but a necessity. The collection of books is bound to be made. It comes without effort. There is always room for one more book, and the first thing you know there is a caseful, and by and by the case runs over and another materialized from somewhere. Maybe the family carpenter nails it together, and some one else gives it a coat of paint; later on the books crowd that case; finally there is a roomful, and lo! you have a library. You make room for the books you love.—Woman's Home Companion.

The great forces, so far as men are concerned, are heredity and surroundings.

THE SALESWOMAN.

WHY IT IS SOMETIMES HARD FOR HER TO BE PLEASANT.

A Clerk in a Minneapolis Dry Goods Store Tells How She Became Able to Perform Her Duties Easily.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Have you ever stopped to think that the position of a saleswoman in a large dry goods store is a particularly trying one? Working long hours, being compelled to stand most of the time, and being expected to look pleasant regardless of suffering which she may be enduring, is it any wonder that weak, nervous women find it impossible to follow this occupation? Everyone will be interested in the experience of Miss Nellie M. Tomlinson, of 3118 Minnehaha avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., who is a clerk in one of the large dry goods stores of that city. She says:

"When I was eight years of age I had the scarlet fever and it left me with weak kidneys and a complication of diseases. I was nervous and finally became so bad that I left school and did not go for an entire term. I had headache all the time and was too irritable to talk with any one. The least excitement seemed to make my heart flutter and a fainting spell would follow. At times I became so dizzy that I would have to sit down until the feeling passed away. My blood seemed to have turned to water and I had no color whatever in my face. I was a mere skeleton and had to lie down several times during the day. I had one of the best physicians in the city, but he did not help me.

"My parents read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of our city papers and thought it would be wise for me to give them a trial. I began to get better when I had taken the first box and by the time I had used two and a-half boxes I was cured. I can perform with ease my duties as clerk in a dry goods store. I was never so well as I am today and it is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Signed,

NELLIE M. TOMLINSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of December, 1900.

R. M. THOMPSON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, $2.50.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Columbus Buggy Company,

Market Street, between 9th and 10th, San Francisco. Holding big clearance sale preparatory to going into wholesale business exclusively. Write for the kind of vehicle you need, and a cut accompanied by price will be mailed. We ship 50 ft. cars, and it costs us only about $10 to lay a vehicle down in S. F. This is the distributing house for territory tributary to the port of S. F., including Australia and the Islands. Our reason for doing only wholesale business in the future is to protect our dealers. At this particular time you can buy a fine vehicle at about the same price you pay for a shoddy article with four profits added.

Notice.

When you need whiskey, always ask for the best quality, Kentucky Favorite, of Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

The man who proposes to a widow is either a philanthropist or a fool.

Out-of-Tone Conditions

Marked by failure of appetite, loss of vitality, that tired feeling, bilious turns, dull headaches, indigestion and other stomach troubles, as well as by pimples, blotches, boils and other eruptions, are all referable to an impure or impoverished condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Corrects all these conditions — it's the medicine that makes the blood pure and rich — the peculiar tonic that strengthens every weak function and builds up the whole system.

"We think there is no medicine that can equal Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me of rheumatism and relieved my husband of catarrh. I have tried it for boils and have found it fine. When we have that tired feeling we take Hood's and in a short time the trouble is gone." MRS. J. A. REYNOLDS, Stockton, Cal.

Accept No Substitute.

THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD

BEARS THIS TRADE MARK



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A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. 45

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS

CONSUMPTION

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

The orchards of the sky, star leaved, boughed blue,
Lean down the west, and from dusk odored trees
A golden apple of Hesperides
Hangs low and trembling, falls, then drops from view,
When, lo, where lately gray green gardens grew
A wondrous light bestrews the somber seas,
And on each wave, foam tipped by shore set breeze,
There gleams a vivid flame of dazzling hue!

O myriad rays that blend in myriad glow,
Each ray the tiniest bark that sails the deep,
Through myriad tides of life that ebb and flow
Help me this myriad faith to ever keep—
That moon set, sable sea and blackest night
But serve to manifest love's lambent light!

—Clarence Urmy in Harper's Bazar.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of 35 feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all.

From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox, filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

Many men in China do not marry, the priests who serve in the temples and those who take up literary pursuits abstaining by choice, while many remain single by reason of their poverty.

Printing Without Ink.

A company has been formed to control the process of printing without ink, and in a short time it is expected that old methods will be revolutionized. There is one thing, however, that has resisted all innovations; that is, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a wonderful medicine for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, insomnia, constipation and nervousness. It also prevents malaria, fever and ague. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it is often a mighty poor paymaster.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills

act gently and promptly on the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. They cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, stomach disorders, sallow complexion and are the only pills that will also purify and enrich the blood. Sold in 10ct. and 25ct. boxes by all druggists. Every box guaranteed.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL. }

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

Use Wellington Egg Food.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

If you use the K. G. toning solution you will never be troubled with faded prints. 8 oz. bottle, 30 cents. At all photographic supply dealers, or Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter Street, S. F.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam guaranteed for Croup.

WHAT CAUSES DANDRUFF.

Greatest European Authority on Skin Diseases Says It's a Germ.

The old idea was that dandruff is scales of skin thrown off, through a feverish condition of the scalp. Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says dandruff is a germ disease. The germ burrows under the scalp, throwing up little scales of cuticle, and sapping the vitality of the hair at the root. The only hair preparation that kills dandruff germs is Newbro's Herpicide. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Not only cures dandruff, but stops falling hair and causes a luxuriant growth. Delightful hair dressing.

All first-class dealers sell Gilt Edge Whiskey. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributers, San Francisco.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam saves Doctor Bills.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.



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baking - ironing

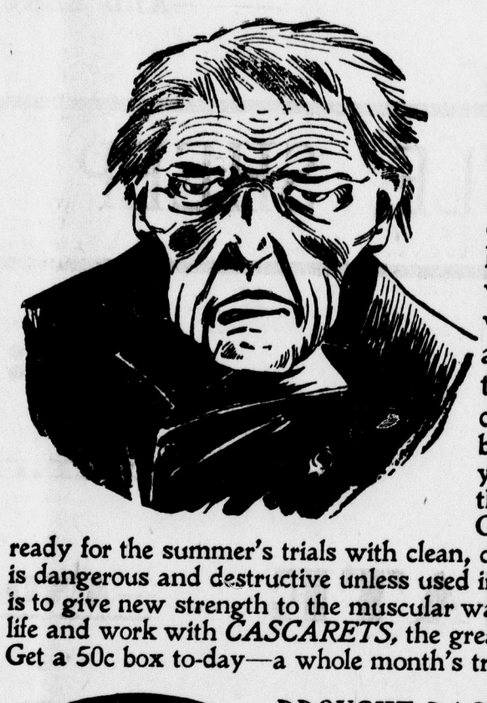
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Heat is not diffused throughout the house—there is no smell, soot, or danger, and the expense of operating is nominal. Made in many sizes; sold wherever stoves are sold. If your dealer does not have it write to nearest agency of

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He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and right now is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with *CASCARETS*, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a 50c box to-day—a whole month's treatment—and see how quickly you will be

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10c. 25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied, after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Address: STERLING REMEDY CO., NEW YORK or CHICAGO.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence. she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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